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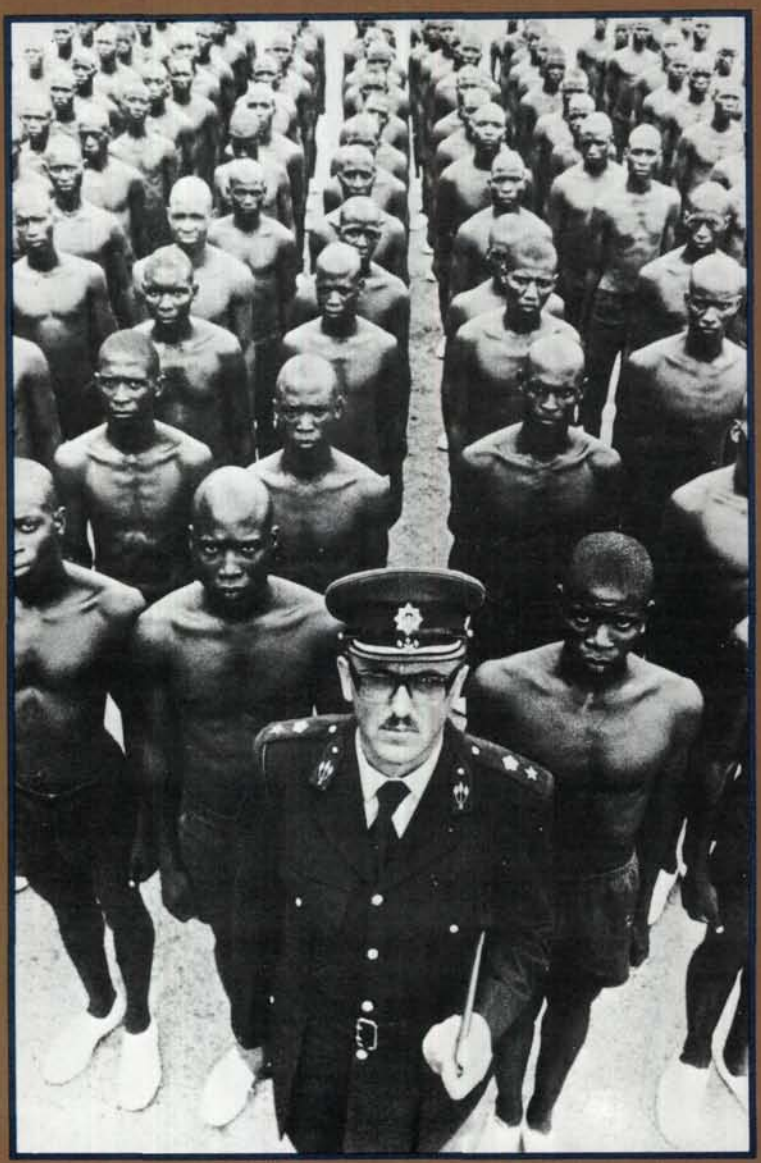

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TRB

from Washington
October 20, 1979

Plaint by Numbers

Mr. Oz from outer space dropped by the other day to talk about earth. I took him to my favorite elm in Farragut Square and we leaned against the trunk eating take-out lunches and feeding the pigeons. Mr. Oz lives in Galaxy Three (to the right as you pass the Milky Way) and says the people Up There are interested in earth. This is flattering, and to help explain things I brought along the new edition of Ruth Leger Sivard's *World Military & Social Expenditures* ($3.50; Box 1003, Leesburg, Virginia), which she and associates have been compiling annually since 1960, aided by the Rockefeller Foundation, the British Council of Churches, and outfits like that.

Mr. Oz jotted down some new figures: Earth's 4.2 billion people currently spend $425 billion on arms. It works out at around $92 per person. This is a burden for many when you consider that a quarter of earth's population average incomes below $200, and about 800 million live in what Bob McNamara (president of the World Bank) calls "absolute poverty" (i.e. like dogs).

The arms burden puts a strain on many, but not everyone suffers. Mrs. Sivard notes that "the most buoyant sector of the world economy is the arms business." Annual sales are booming (if that's the right word) and amount to $120 billion. The big suppliers are the US and USSR, and the best markets are the poor countries. The income gap between the rich and poor countries, by the way, just like the income gap within the poor countries themselves, has been growing. Poor countries have more babies. The Malthusian law seems to be operating. Anyway, Mrs. Sivard says, "five million children die every year from disease which could be prevented by immunization; 100,000 children go blind from a lack of Vitamin A."

Farragut Square is agreeable these last fall days, and we flicked crumbs from sandwiches to see the word spread among pigeons. There is nearly always a pigeon panache on Admiral Farragut's cap. Mr. Oz has a rather clinical attitude toward earth, but is rusty on figures. Let's see, there were 21 years between World War I and II weren't there, and there hasn't been a war for 35 years? And nuclear weapons have increased in power all that time? Yes, according to Mrs. Sivard, "one MX missile carries more explosive power than all the bombs dropped in World War II and the Korean war." As to number, the US has 9200 nuclear warheads and Russia 5000 in the strategic (intercontinental) range. But of course these aren't all MXs. Some might destroy only half a city.

Here is what Jimmy Carter said:

> *Just one of our relatively invulnerable Poseidon submarines—less than two percent of our nuclear force of submarines, aircraft, and land-based missiles—carries enough warheads to destroy every large and medium-sized city in the Soviet Union. Our deterrent is overwhelming.*

Washington pigeons are much like journalists: throw a scrap to one and you get them all, sailing and circling from one side of the park to another and even agitating neighbors in Lafayette Park. Why they rise and alight nobody knows.

Mr. Oz was charmed. He said the people Up There are interested in earth: Galaxy X-Y, Constellation 10, Solar System G, Planet 3—our zip code. Are social and military pressures approaching a critical mass, and is anybody interested? I said, yes, but it's not front-page news; everyone is aware of it. I quoted Earl Mountbatten, who told a peace group in Strasbourg, May 11, "Do the frightening facts about the arms race which show that we are rushing headlong towards a precipice make any of those responsible . . . reach for the brakes? The answer is 'No'. . . ." (He said that four months before being murdered by an Irish terrorist bomb.)

Mrs. Sivard's editorial comment is low-keyed. After all, the figures speak for themselves: the earth now supports 100 million soldiers; more nations have arms and use them. There are listed 65 "hostilities" between 1955 and 1979 which have killed 25 million people. I suppose I can see why Mr. Oz is interested: world population grows by 80 million a year (the size of East and West Germany combined); things like oil are getting scarce; the income gap is increasing; the challenge of unemployment "cannot be overstated."

Here's an interesting item for example: "clean water supplies." Seems upward of 90 percent of those in earth's poor countries don't have access to clean water. That means cholera and typhoid. Malaria seemed almost knocked out a few years ago; now it's made a big comeback.

Mrs. Sivard does in more human and succinct terms what the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) does in its authoritative, technical 700-page yearbooks. She also compares military and social expenditures. For example:

> *The $30 billion-plus cost of the proposed MX missile with its elaborate road-rail system and 4,600 concrete shelters, if spent instead on needed urban transit in the US, could provide fuel-efficient, comfortable transport for 35 million passengers a day.*

There are entertaining parallel columns showing what the governments of developed countries (28) and the developing countries (112) spend their money on each year. For example, Zambia, population 5,066,000, spends $301 million for military, $162 million for education. Nepal: population 13,000,000; public expenditure per soldier, $650; literacy, 19 percent; population per physician, 38,265; life expectancy, 44 years.

You can see, too, why the chaps in the Pentagon are worrying; consumers complain about the price of lamb chops but look at the military: a destroyer is 37 times more expensive today than in World War II. A squadron of 24 fighter planes is up 155 times. One Trident submarine is 340 times the price of a World War II attack sub.

Put yourself in the general's place—get out your pencil and figure up the cost of a modern H-bomb, for example. Why, it's frightening. No wonder the budget can't be balanced!

Mr. Oz flicked the final crumb to the pigeons and rose politely. I am not sure that our minds met in our final exchange. He said politely that it would be interesting to see how it all came out. There was a chill in the way he said it. "But if we don't solve the problem," I said complainingly, "then what?" "Oh, you can always begin again," he said comfortably. "Evolution, you know; or the bow and arrow."

I still wonder what he meant.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 20, 1979

The Fed Needs Help

Even the White House is quietly cheering the Federal Reserve Board's stringent new monetary policy. At last someone is doing something real about inflation! This is a sad comment on President Carter and Congress. Given the failure of our elected leaders to do anything serious about our gravest domestic problem, the Fed's action may indeed be wise. But settling for a huge dose of recession and unemployment ought to make Democratic politicians ask themselves what in the world they stand for these days.

The Federal Reserve Board controls, or tries to control, the supply of money in the economy. The key change announced last week was in how the Fed decides how much new money to add to the system. Formerly, it has supplied more or less as much money as the economy has demanded. It has tried to affect that demand by manipulating interest rates, which are essentially the price of money. But the Fed has found that even record high interest rates don't reduce the demand for money very much these days because of record inflation and the inflationary expectations it induces. People are happy to pay very high interest rates for borrowed money if they think inflation is going to be even higher. So the Fed has decided to limit directly the amount of new money it produces, and to let interest rates take their own course. The hope is that they will shoot up at first, then start to sink as inflationary expectations dissipate.

Milton Friedman must be in seventh heaven, but that is no reason for the rest of us to despair. There's not much disagreement these days about the relation between the money supply and the inflation rate. Almost everybody acknowledges that increases in the money supply fuel inflation, and that a freeze on the money supply would soon stop inflation. On the other hand, all but the most extreme monetary purists agree that abruptly cutting off the fuel—and doing no more—is not a very sensible way of cooling down the engine.

Ideally, the money supply should be slowed in conjunction with other steps to reduce inflation (and therefore to reduce the demand for money). Unfortunately, the Fed controls only this one lever, and those in control of the others are asleep. Acting alone, the Fed can only make its choice between prosperity with rampant inflation and recession with a slower inflation rate. It can't do much to affect the terms of that choice. These terms are dictated by the structure of the economy, and quite evidently the terms get worse the longer that structure remains unchanged.

President Carter's anti-inflation "program" is barely worth mentioning, except as a comic interlude. Much public energy is devoted to arguing whether his wage-price "ceiling" is or should be seven or eight percent; rows of economists and lawyers review figures and calculate regulations for various industries; meanwhile, major wage settlements routinely come in at double digits; and in order to attract labor leaders onto his "Pay Advisory Committee," Carter promises not to attempt to enforce his guidelines, which are unenforceable anyway.

We have sketched what a serious liberal anti-inflation program would consist of ("Liberals and Inflation," *TNR*, January 20): generous government help for those who need it; an end to subsidies and protective regulations for those who don't; price controls in fields—like health—where the market can't be expected to work, and an end to controls in fields—like energy—where it can.

What counts in the end is not inflation but the real production of goods and services in the economy, and their distribution. Inflation affects these, and that's why it's important. If this were a closed economy and

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we were paying ever higher prices to one another, it would be possible for us all to agree to stop. But when we pay higher prices for imported oil, these dollars represent real goods and services we must produce but not consume. If productivity has not increased enough to cover the difference, which it hasn't, we must all make do with less. Today's inflation can best be seen as the economy's response to attempts by everyone to keep up, even when this is physically impossible. The economic savior of our country will be the person who can convince Americans that a small, orderly, and fair reduction in our standard of living is preferable to the large, chaotic, and unfair one that either inflation, or the attempt to stop it by monetary policy alone, is bound to produce.

White House Watch

Questions

At the President's press conference on October 9, his first televised session with Washington reporters since July 25, he was asked whether he would fire or demote the chief of his White House staff, Hamilton Jordan, if a special prosecutor is appointed to investigate allegations that Jordan snorted cocaine at parties in Los Angeles in October 1977 and at Studio 54, a creepy Manhattan discotheque, in June 1978. Carter said in part of his answer what he, his spokesmen at the White House, and officials and spokesmen at the Department of Justice should have been saying and have not been saying since August 24, when a news story caused the department to initiate a preliminary investigation. The standard reply to inquiries at the White House and State Department has been, "no comment," with qualifying elaborations that did not effectively offset the general impression that the allegations would not have been made if there were not something to them. "I'd like to point out," the President finally got around to saying, "that the appointment of a special prosecutor has no insinuation in it at all that the person investigated is guilty." The governing Ethics in Government Act of 1978 indicates as much. The Senate Governmental Affairs Committee report recommending enactment of the law is the definitive expression of congressional intent. It says in essence what the President said. Yet the national media—notably and disgracefully the *New York Times*, CBS news, and ABC news—have reported the allegations and the preliminary federal investigation required by the law to determine whether a special prosecutor should be appointed as if the allegations and the resultant inquiry connoted guilt.

Here I include myself. In this journal's September 29 issue, I wrote that the cocaine allegations agains Hamilton Jordan were "believable but not confirmed. What possessed me to write this, I just don't know. Th allegations are not confirmed. They were not believabl then and they are not believable now. I believed Jorda then and I believe him now when he tells me that he never used illicit drugs and did not use cocaine on th occasions alleged. He's made a fool of himself in som ways, but not in that way. I wrote in the September 2 piece that the law and the procedures which permit th allegations to be brought in the way and for the reason that they are brought constitute "a damned outrage." Why it's an outrage and the problems raised by the law are discussed in the remainder of this report.

The "special prosecutor" chapter of the law, most o which deals with misuse of public office for private gain, begins with a passage that seems plain enough bu is loaded with questions and implications. They remain debated and unresolved to this day at the Department of Justice and in US attorney's offices.

"The Attorney General," the chapter begins, "shall conduct an investigation . . . whenever the Attorney General receives specific information that any of the persons described in subsection (b) of this section has committed a violation of any federal law other than a violation constituting a petty offense." Some 120 officials beginning with the President and Vice President and including the President's chief assistants are made subject to investigation. The required investigation is termed "a preliminary investigation." The attorney general is allowed 90 days, or at the most 120 days, to complete his preliminary investigation and tell a special division of the US Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia whether a special prosecutor should or should not be appointed by the court to conduct a more thorough investigation. The attorney general's conclusion is final and binding. The attorney general is required and permitted to report his conclusion only to the special division of the court—not to the President, as Carter assumed at his October 9 press conference—and to make the conclusion public only if the court says he can. In real life, law aside, the attorney general would find a way to report directly or indirectly to the President. At the White House and at the Justice Department, reporters were told after the October 9 press conference that Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti and his acting deputy, Charles Ruff, had not come to a conclusion in the Jordan affair and therefore had not then reported anything about it to Carter or to anyone else. The law vests the attorney general and his deputy with sole responsibility for deciding whether appointment of a special prosecutor should be recommended to the court. Assistant attorneys general are excluded.

Why the unresolved questions and implications remain unresolved since Carter signed the law with loud acclaim last year baffles this reporter. With all respect to departed attorney general Griffin Bell's successor, Benjamin Civiletti, it seems to this lay

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Correspondence

The challenge of Germany

To the editors:

How curious to see such strange bedfellows as Morton Kondracke and Friedrich A. Hayek both extolling the virtues of West Germany during the same week, although in different publications (Kondracke, "The German Challenge to American Conservatives," *TNR*, September 29, and Hayek, interviewed in "Wave of the Past? Or Wave of the Future?" *Forbes*, October 1).

Kondracke implies that Germany's economic health is the *result* of its extensive and well-run social programs. Hayek contends that it is Germany's relatively unregulated free market *process* that underlies its sound economic position and therefore permits its ambitious efforts at redressing many of the inequities of the market *outcome*.

If Kondracke is correct, how does he explain the failure of social programs to produce or maintain economic health in such "social democracies" as Britain and Sweden? To the extent that the German experience can be considered relevant to our own, it would seem to me that it tends toward supporting those who claim that only a free market process and an abhorrence of inflation can ultimately underwrite a stable long-term program of social action. This position is more a refutation of American liberalism than of American conservatism and should be recognized as such.

Joseph G. Maloney, MD
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's "German Challenge" was a remarkable piece of analysis, and certainly gave this conservative some food for thought: lower taxes, smaller government, lower unemployment, and with practically no inflation to speak of.

Most intriguing of all was the picture of a well-supported labor force, without a minimum wage, without closed shops, and yet "workers were generally paid the going rate. . . ." I read on, hoping to find some explanation. But no, one of the pieces was missing: Germany's control of the borders (they know how many guest workers they've got) and its low birth rate. The population has been steady for decades, and according to my Environmental Fund World Population Estimates Sheet, the population actually has shrunk from 61.9 million in 1974 to 61.2 million in 1979.

By contrast, the US has added 13 million people in five years, and the birth rate has been going up since 1975. No, we can't adopt the German model, more's the pity, but we might pay some attention to what has happened to the countries that have achieved zero population growth.

Sharon Lynn
Washington, DC

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke's September 29 piece on West Germany was great, but billing that country's economic and social policies as a "living rebuke to American neoconservatives" was too selective. If today's West Germany rebukes neoconservatives, then it rebukes everyone with rigid philosophical precepts.

For example: West Germany's energy and economic policies rebuke President Carter's incessant attempts to blame most of his term's inflation on rising fuel prices and a 50 percent oil-importation rate; the realism of West German labor unions rebukes American firebrands like the IAM's William Winpisinger, who seems to believe that a straitjacketed market system could better provide for US workers; the Germans' not overly progressive income tax rebukes almost all liberals, and lends credence to the beliefs of Jack Kemp and Jude Wanniski, by indicating that lower marginal tax rates on high income work to everyone's benefit by raising work incentives and the growth rate.

Kondracke adequately describes the size of West Germany's "social basket," and indicates why it can be filled in the first place. His emphasis should have been on the fact that West Germany offers hope to all those objective enough to select the best of the various components of democracy being tested there, and plenty of rebukes to anyone who has them coming.

Frank Gregorsky
Douglasville, Georgia

To the editors:

What occasions this letter is Morton Kondracke's article "The German Challenge to American Conservatives." What is ironic about Kondracke's article is that Helmut Schmidt's policies and achievements, fears and desires, are essentially those of the people assorted articles in *The New Republic* rebuke as "neoconservatives." A number of them actually belong to Social Democrats, USA; most are on the board of the League for Industrial Democracy. Austin Ranney and I co-chaired Scholars for Labor Law Reform. The CDM, to which most belong, has close ties to the AFL-CIO. Even the lone Republican among those dubbed with the title, Irving Kristol, is an exponent of the welfare state, and he and his "protégé," Jack Kemp, call for expanding welfare, to be made possible by policies closely resembling Helmut Schmidt's. If Pat Moynihan is a neoconservative, so is Helmut Schmidt.

Seymour Martin Lipset
Professor of Political Science and Sociology
Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace
Stanford, California

Fan mail

To the editors:

This is a fan letter, plain and simple. *TNR* is consistently the best political reading I do, giving not a balanced view of the world, as dreary as that would be, but at least a sample of liberal comment in an age when that is neither popular nor very successful. I especially revel in the sage advice of TRB, the faithful record-keeping of the White House Watchman, and the variegated views of kaleidoscopic Diarists.

However, my main purpose in writing is to congratulate and thank you for your increasing and erudite coverage of gay books and movies. They are of course covered by the gay press, but you perform a great service by surfacing them in your journal, for both the gay and straight communities. Stanley Kauffmann's excellent piece on *Nighthawks* (*TNR*, September 1 & 8) and his incidental comments about the furor over *Cruising* were up to his usual high standards of social and artistic review.

Bob Edgerly
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Only a matter of time

To the editors:

As a Kurd, I can appreciate your article about my people ("Khomeini's Feast of Blood," *TNR*, September 22). However, the article contained one factual error. You reported that the Kurds of Iraq have been granted some cultural and political autonomy. Quite the contrary. The situation of the Kurdish people in Iraqi Kurdistan is the worst of the four main Kurdish groups in the Middle East.

(continued on page 8)

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The government of Iraq, through its policy of Arabization of Kurdish land and people; political and cultural destruction and oppression; mass execution, torture, imprisonment, and the depopulation of regions in Kurdistan, is in fact systematically destroying the political, economic, cultural, and linguistic identity of the Kurdish ethnic group in Iraq.

Unless something is done quickly by humanitarian forces around the world, the genocide of the three million Kurdish people in Iraqi Kurdistan is only a matter of time.

Hundren Bekas
Chicago, Illinois

Arrogant ignorance

To the editors:

No good cause is served by your promoting the arrogant ignorance displayed by Edward Newman ("Correspondence," *TNR*, September 22). In fact, "parameter" is a constant whose value is fixed, perhaps arbitrarily, for a given experiment or set of experiments. As one of a defining set of a properties whose values determine the characteristics or behavior of things in a given situation, "parameter" may quite normally and logically be used as you did in your editorial "Saudi Blackmail" (*TNR*, August 18).

Jeffrey F. Huntsman
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

Sophomore's cradle

To the editors:

John Irving admires Kurt Vonnegut ("Kurt Vonnegut and His Critics," *TNR*, September 22). This is fine. Mr. Vonnegut has many admirers. He is a good writer; one who cares, who writes with great facility, who speaks eloquently to a certain spectrum of our country. But Mr. Irving seems intent upon more. Near the end of the essy he quotes Salinger. It is apt that he should. Salinger, like Vonnegut, is a very gifted and limited writer, a man whose talent is clear and affecting but not deeply rich or varied.

Vonnegut himself says he appeals to the sophomores and he is surely correct. His writing is sophomoric. But the limits of his appeal and talent are not, as he says (and, interestingly, Mr. Irving quotes only this phrase in his observation), " . . . sophomoric questions that full adults regard as settled." How silly. Sophomores have never exercised their minds on such subjects before. No one ever settles or thinks he settles such questions. We just grow past being fascinated by such broad, general, grand ideas as just ideas; they go nowhere, do nothing, help us in no real way with real life. Great slogans aren't great art.

Vonnegut's writing is small because his is a kind of comic book world with comic strip characters. There are no rich, full people in his work, only fantastical folk to present ideas and words, to coruscate through his rarified world, even to preach.

Richard Block
Woodstock, New York

Apocalypse never

To the editors:

Having deftly exposed the bombast of *Apocalypse Now* (*TNR*, September 15), Stanley Kauffmann plugs it in his weekly box as a "film worth seeing," because it is a "sensual rendering of the first psychedelic war." Is that what Vietnam turns out to be—"the first psychedelic war"? Are overblown special effects films worth seeing, or can we convey a message by not seeing them? Do they in any case need additional blurbs beyond their reviews? Surely their distributors can handle the advertising?

An addendum to the review itself. The message is that Vietnam, or the violence in the "depths" of men's souls, is a "horror." The medium tells us that killing is a wonder to behold. The message is that men of power get carried away into the "depths." The medium tells us these are the only men who matter. The message is that this is a work of genius. The medium is only medium. Joseph Conrad—"oh the horror!"—is an excuse.

What does it presume about ourselves, our lives, our experience of art, even our capacity to read, if such films are, week after week, "worth seeing"?

Jeremy Larner
Berkeley, California

Serving dinner without leaving the table

To the editors:

There are several well-known methods, as I'm sure Mrs. Gladstone Williams knows, for serving dinner guests without leaving the table (The Human Comedy, *TNR*, September 29). I haven't heard of her own original method as taught in the Executive Course in Protocol, but it may be a variant of t St. Petersburg, Versailles, or Georg town methods, which follow:

(Note: each of the methods given he assumes the use of a standard oblo dining table, candelabra option although when diplomats are on t guest list, the shape of the table negotiable.)

St. Petersburg: this method is medieval czarist origins. The food tossed by hand from the head of t table to each of the guests. Serving sou is not advisable.

Versailles: more civilized than t Russian method, and designed for tabl 10 feet in length or longer. A sprin loaded, gourmet catapult is used fro the head of the table. The catapult adjusted for the range of the guest ar weight of the cuisine. Soufflé is a visable. Fine silver serving spoo catapults—with infrared scope—a available from Tiffany's, of course.

Georgetown: a break with traditio developed at Georgetown University b a research team with funding from combined Agriculture and State Depar ment grant. The table, with chai attached, is motorized and steered fro the hostess position through th kitchen. Further research is bein conducted to adapt this method t environments in which the kitchen an dining area are not on the same floo Otherwise, it has a proven protoc effectiveness rating (Dumbarton scale

Barry R. Gre
Chief of Protoc
Kalamazoo, Michiga

To the editors:

I thought you would never ask—that i about how to give a dinner part without leaving the table. I've had thi plan for years.

The plan goes something like this. Th table must be oblong. It must b glittering in its appointments, with beautiful bank of flowers down th center. After the guests are seated, th perimeter area of this centerpiece o flowers sinks out of sight to the sound o sweet music. It returns instantly wit plates of sumptuous food—each plat not more than 12 inches from each gues so that all the guest has to do is to exten his hand, grasp the plate, and place it i front of himself. When he has finishe his repast he replaces the plate among the flowers, and at the proper momen the hostess (who has not left the table presses the button beneath her foot an

(continued on page 40)

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;noramus that all that's needed to resolve the ques-ons is a modicum of political and professional guts.

If the law is unclear in the details of its mandate to the ttorney general, may he read it for himself or must he ssume that once a question is raised he'd better call for special prosecutor? In a muggy case brought up last ear by a flimsy news report that Carter had personally nd illegally solicited campaign contributions at the Vhite House, Attorney General Bell told the court that special prosecutor was not required. The court agreed nd let him announce his conclusion. Yet there still is vonder and argument about this degree of judgment at he department. In another instance involving Carter, pecifically whether funds from his peanut business in 'lains were diverted to his campaign for the)emocratic nomination in 1975 and 1976, Bell again aid the information in hand didn't justify a special)rosecutor but did inspire him to appoint on his uthority—the ethics law aside—a special counsel to nvestigate the allegation. The chosen counsel, at-orney Paul Curran of New York, is known to be "very :lose" to a conclusion but at this writing has not mparted it to the Justice Department and the Carter taff.

Given "specific information" or a formal allegation—he law should but does not require formal allegation—bout a possible offense which is so petty that the department would not fool with it, absent the ethics aw, must the attorney general initiate a "preliminary nvestigation" anyhow? This, believe it or not, is a gravely debated question at the Department of Justice.

The law on its face makes the publication of "specific information" enough to initiate a preliminary in-vestigation. But how real, how "specific," does the published or otherwise conveyed information have to be? Does a published allegation, unsupported by what a reasonable person would consider "specific informa-tion," also trigger the special prosecutor chapter and require at least preliminary investigation? This ques-tion, too, is considered to be extremely important and is seriously debated at the department.

The most baffling question remains—how an allegation that Hamilton Jordan snorted cocaine could have been allowed by the department in Washington and by the US attorney's office in New York to figure in the bargaining over whether a major ($2.5 million) individual and corporate tax evasion charge should be reduced from felony to misdemeanor. For a while I thought I'd found the answer in a sentence in the law which says: "The Attorney General may ask a special prosecutor to accept referral [to the prosecutor] of a matter that relates to a matter within that special prosecutor's prosecutorial jurisdiction." Mitchell Rogovin of Washington, a former assistant attorney general and lawyer for one of the indicted defendants in the New York tax case, has told me and has said on a Washington television show that he is pressing for a special prosecutor. Irving Osser, a Los Angeles attorney for a woman involved in the Jordan affair but not in the tax case, says he also is hoping and bargaining for a special prosecutor.

Why? Rogovin told me on August 31 that he hoped for better plea-bargaining terms from a special prosecutor than he and other defense lawyers seemed likely to get from the US prosecutors in New York or from the department in Washington. Rogovin told me on October 9 that it is inconceivable to him that Attorney General Civiletti would ask a special prosecutor in the Jordan cocaine inquiry to take over the New York tax case. I know of at least one incumbent assistant attorney general who would quit in outrage if Civiletti requested such a referral. It is inconceivable to me that Civiletti would think of it or that Jimmy Carter and Hamilton Jordan would be stupid enough to let him do it. And yet, according to Rogovin and Osser and department officials, the bargaining was continuing on October 10. A very wise Washington attorney advised me on October 9 not to believe the official assertions that nothing will come of it in the New York tax case, where it all started.

John Osborne

Pretenders to the Throne

Baby Face

It was a warm, overcast October morning, and on the grounds of the US Capitol Larry Pressler was doing what he does best—charming the press. Sporting a conservative blue suit, a head of lovably tousled brown hair, and his usual boyish smile, the junior senator from South Dakota was showing off his homemade alcohol still and making the case for his "six-point program" to promote gasohol. There were only a few small snags in the performance. Pressler's homemade solar collector, which was supposed to heat the corn mash in the still, was rendered useless by the clouds, and the police permit forbade the use of a bunsen burner or any other open flame as a substitute. So the heat for this ostensible energy-saving contraption had to come from an electric hot plate. But no matter. The genial Republican's line of patter never slowed, and his smile never faded. And in the end the still did what it was supposed to do, the senator got to stake his claim to the title of "Mr. Gasohol," and the reporters got a colorful item to liven up a dull news day.

What did all this prove about gasohol? Not much. But it showed once again that Larry Pressler knows how to get his name in the paper and his face on the evening news. It is a natural talent—some say his only one—and one Pressler has refined to the point of near-complete mastery. And as Pressler cranks up his campaign to

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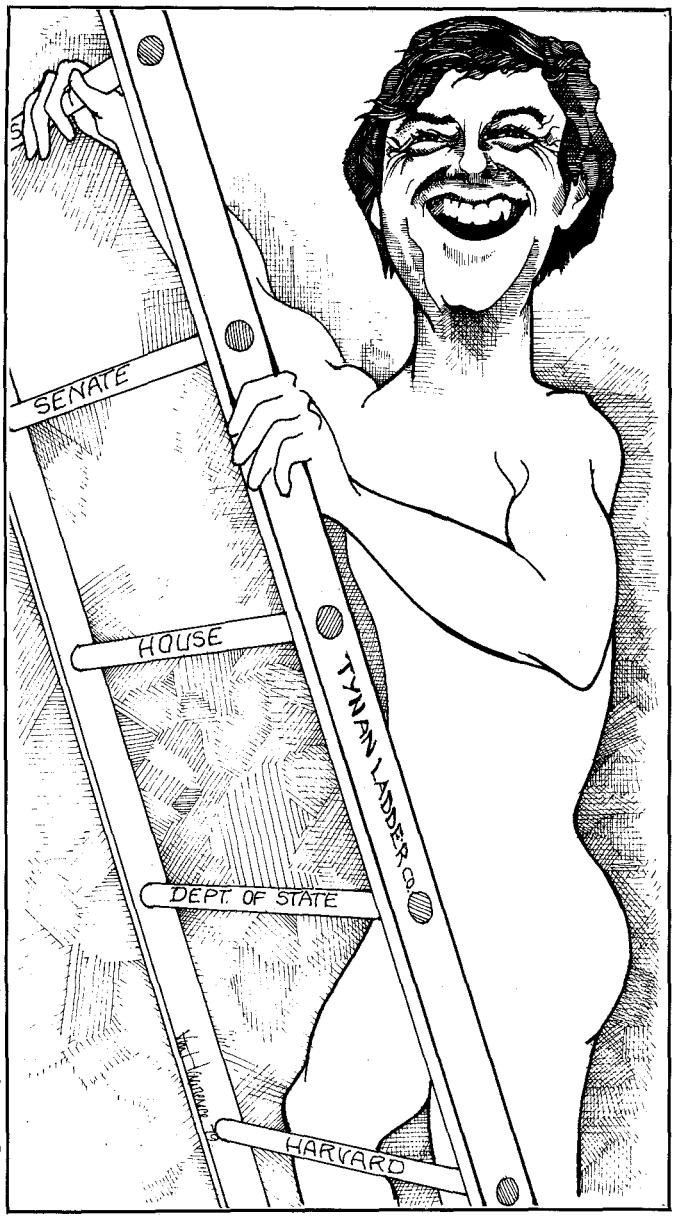

drawing of Larry Pressler by Vint Lawrence

become the 40th president of the United States, it provides the basis for his otherwise apparently unfounded optimism.

A 37-year-old bachelor, Larry Pressler is an ambitious young man who has almost run out of ways to satisfy his ambition. His career so far has been an uninterrupted series of successes. The Pressler resume reads like this: Phi Beta Kappa and student body president at the University of South Dakota; Rhodes Scholar; Harvard Law School; Army staff officer in Vietnam; Elected to the US House of Representatives in his first political race in 1974 and reelected with 81 percent of the vote two years later; elected to the Senate less than a year ago with 68 percent of the vote. All these honors leave Pressler with few other worlds to conquer.

But there is at least one, and that is the White House. So on September 25, barely eight months after he was sworn in as a senator, Larry Pressler announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for president. Some observers, to be sure, proved deaf to the popular clamor for a Pressler presidency. Political pros in Washington scoffed, colleagues snickered, an Pressler's own state Republican chairman said he had "three-word response: Ha, ha, ha." But the aspirin candidate was not abashed. "No one took my first rac seriously either," he says. Some of his colleague speculate that one other job would sate Pressler' craving for a higher office: vice president. Or mayb Pressler merely has found the ultimate press gimmick In any event, even a losing race will boost his career. I nothing else, it will guarantee that Pressler's name wil be one of those mentioned as a prospect in 1984 o 1988. But a strong showing in one or two primarie might indeed land him the vice presidential nomination It isn't news to Pressler that he would provide som geographical and philosophical balance to a ticke headed by Ronald Reagan, John Connally, Howar Baker, or George Bush, besides offering a welcom touch of youth.

If his colleagues doubted Pressler's judgment ir running for president, they were not surprised by hi audacity. Pressler rarely has stopped campaigning sinc he arrived in Washington five years ago. His ideas fo getting press attention are as much a source of envy a of annoyance to other members. "You learn new lessons about the art of flackery every day," says one Senate aide who has known Pressler for several years. The homemade still is typical of Pressler's stunts. He also has spent occasional days working at menial jobs in South Dakota to dramatize his closeness to the average man. When South Dakota's other senator, George McGovern, went to Rome with a group of bankers, he observed the courtesy of inviting along his junior colleague. Pressler missed most of the meetings, but showed up for an audience McGovern had arranged with the pope. McGovern's office sent South Dakota newspapers a photograph of both senators greeting the pontiff, but the pictures Pressler sent around had McGovern neatly cropped out. During the farmers' protest last winter, Pressler got lots of publicity by driving a tractor into Washington to show his support for the cause. In Washington Pressler keeps his name in the gossip columns by frequent appearances at chic parties, usually accompanied by Deena Clark, a fiftyish local television talk show hostess.

To fill in the time between his visual stunts, Pressler relies on an endless steam of press releases. Any excuse will do: one release concerned a letter Pressler had gotten published in the *New York Times*; another publicized his mother's practice of sending hand-written notes to his campaign contributors. "People used to say that if you dropped your briefcase, Hubert Humphrey would put in the *Congressional Record*," says a Hill staffer. "Now if you drop it, Pressler will put it in a press release." Other members say Pressler is likable and cooperative when his support and help are needed on particular projects, but one says "you have to get your press release out before his or he'll take all the credit."

All this media activity helps to obscure the

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ieagerness of Pressler's legislative achievements. In is announcement speech, Pressler raised several sues of concern, including promoting gasohol, nproving care for the aged, reducing foreign aid, and ssisting small business. But the only accomplishment e could cite in any of these areas was a couple of minor mendments to foreign aid bills. Pressler says he has an mendment to designate gasohol as a synthetic fuel so hat it will be eligible for research and development unds from the president's energy trust fund. (He says vith a straight face that he envisions "a still in every ackyard and farm.") Other legislators who have roposed bills to boost gasohol say Pressler's interest is recent development. Jim Barrett, an aide to Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, told the Mitchell (South Dakota) *Daily Republic* last week that Pressler was "plagiarizing" he issue: "He's taking credit for things a lot of other people have worked very hard on. I can think of at least wo other legislators from South Dakota who have been much more active than Pressler has." Pressler apparently has no legislative causes, only media issues. 'I couldn't tell you one issue he's done anything on," says a midwestern Democrat. Frank Thompson of New Jersey, the ranking Democrat on Pressler's old House Education and Labor Committee, says he can't remember any bills or amendments that Pressler sponsored: "He wasn't terribly active."

But Pressler has developed a reputation for flip-flopping on controversial issues. A woman who wrote Pressler in 1976 expressing support for legalized abortion got a letter saying that he too was "opposed to infringing upon the rights of individuals to make their own moral decisions." A few days later Pressler introduced a constitutional amendment to ban abortions. He also has taken inconsistent positions at different times on decontrol of oil and natural gas prices, common situs picketing, and the South Dakota Oahe water project. Pressler has moved steadily rightward since his first year in the House, following the general drift of the country. In 1975 he was given a rating of 58 (out of a possible 100) by the Americans for Democratic Action; in 1978 his score was down to 25. His American Conservative Union rating, by contrast, has risen from 54 to 68.

Pressler ascribes his unimpressive legislative record to the handicaps of little seniority and minority party status. But in fact he simply appears to have no interest in the legislative side of his job. While other politicians lust for power, Pressler lusts only for publicity and higher office. "He's probably the most ambitious politician I've ever met," says one congressman who's met a lot. "But I think it's just the challenge of the campaign that he likes. It's not even the aura of the office, because it doesn't satisfy him. Once he's won one election, he has to win something bigger."

The point of Pressler's endless campaigning is simply to move up the ladder, not to achieve anything substantial once he arrives. He represents a peculiar strain of ambition whose entire object is to win the approval of others. Most politicians have at least a little of this quality: those who don't usually are unwilling to make the concessions required for success. But in most cases they also have other concerns. Most politicians have a public persona that hides traits and beliefs that might offend or annoy the voters, but one senses that in Pressler there is nothing to hide because there is nothing *but* a public persona.

All this makes it hard to guess what sort of president Larry Pressler would be if he somehow could manage to get elected. Trying to chart the course he might take is like trying to track fish with a bloodhound: Pressler leaves no scent. One doubts that even he has any idea what he might do in the White House. Where other politicians see a world to be shaped, Pressler sees only a space to fill on his resume. But for a man who has spent his entire adult life in the quest for ever-higher honors, the presidency might place Larry Pressler in a uniquely cruel predicament: where to go from here?

Stephen Chapman

John Paul's winning battle in a losing war.

Popestock in Chicago

A well-known 19th-century mural by James Ensor depicts with mock solemnity "The Triumphal Entry of Christ into Brussels." A big brass band, a cheering crowd, an army of city fathers, and an avalanche of ribbons, pennants, and banners engulf the hapless Christ, and nearly shove him off the canvas. Pope John Paul's amazing feat in Chicago was to have overwhelmed the event that was meant to overwhelm him.

Chicago had been in deadly earnest for at least a month about the pope's 36-hour visit here on October 4-6. The largest Catholic archdiocese in the United States (2.4 million), the home of the most Polish ethnics (500,000), Chicago probably was more obsessed with John Paul's arrival than any other city. In fact, the city nearly fell victim to its own build-up of the big event, and began to look on Popestock (or "Popefest" as city officials liked to say) with the same enthusiasm it might have for a nuclear accident evacuation.

For weeks, city officials worried whether the roof of the underground garage in Grant Park, where the pope would celebrate the monster open-air Mass, would buckle and collapse, killing thousands. The city also predicted a catastrophic traffic jam when religious pilgrims and Loop office workers battled each other to get on trains and subways in the Friday rush hour. The Chicago papers ran a relentless series of "human interest" stories on the massive police security preparations and the hundreds of heart attacks and childbirths expected during the Mass. Chicago Democrats predicted the pope's visit would be a greater

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political disaster for the party than last year's blizzard.

The alarm also spread to the financial pages, as such things quickly do in the City of the Big Shoulders. Tourism officials said that the selling of the pope would net local merchants at least $10 million. But worried industry and trade groups complained that the lost employee time from those who attended the Grant Park mass could result in a $200-million loss of goods and services. Furthermore, they complained that the types of people a pope attracts are not likely to go shopping in Chicago's big downtown department stores. No doubt local business groups here worry that the Second Coming will be a terrible day for shopping in the Loop.

As the day approached, it became more and more evident that the Loop would be almost a ghost town. Traffic in most of the downtown was banned, appointments were canceled, offices were closed, and briefcases packed for a three-day weekend. By Friday the panic had cleared out everyone likely to be in the way of the pilgrims. The trains ran smoothly morning and night without even the normal amount of rush-hour congestion. A skeleton crew of lawyers and real estate agents manned the town, and most of them had pope parties planned for that afternoon on the top floors of their favorite Loop skyscrapers.

According to the press, the crowd at the Grant Park mass exceeded all but the wildest expectations. Chicago police estimated the number at 1.5 million. But no one was counting, and acting police chief Joseph DiLeonardi, who kept calling His Holiness "our supreme commander," was not the most objective authority. Some police said it was hard to believe there were more than 500,000 to 750,000 people there—more than a Bears game, maybe, but only so-so by Warsaw standards. Still, even that is an impressive show for a town prized in television circles as the biggest collection of stay-at-homes in America.

A mob in a pasture, even a hushed and peaceful mob as this one was, does not knit well or quickly into a deeply prayerful community; and the pope did not give an evangelical-style performance, or impose his personality on the event as much as one might have expected. Most of the time he was an expressionless dot, surrounded by a sea of bishop dots. The papal throngs were left to their own thoughts, or possibly to their own prayers. During the homily, the pope's slow, husky voice seemed to roll up and down the park for miles, and echo eerily off the walls of the Loop that stood in the distance like a deserted Oz. Not that the homily was by any means stirring or one of John Paul's best. Most of it presented a patronizing, Vatican-wary appreciation of America's cultural pluralism. "*E pluribus unum*," the pope chanted several times too often.

The real Popestock raged at the edges of Grant Park, not at its center, as it had raged in record stores, newsstands, and head shops for weeks. Out here the vendors and hawkers had everything on sale except indulgences: pope buttons, pope posters, pope T-Shirt ("I got a peek at the pope"), pope bumper sticker ("Come follow me—John Paul II"), a dozen differen souvenir books, Vatican flags, John Paul II pennants and pope record albums. The diocese was not responsi ble for any of it, of course, but one caught a sense o what Calvin and Martin Luther objected to.

The cold October wind drove many away early myself included. A rumor went through the crowd tha the pope had put on his ski sweater under the vestments. People headed for the trains. The pope buttons were being discounted from one dollar a buttor to three for a dollar and a half.

The important event of the Chicago visit was not the Grant Park mass but the address to 350 American bishops at Quigley seminary earlier the same day. The pope told the bishops they must guarantee the integrity of the *magisterium* (the official body of church teachings) He spoke out for the first time in his reign against artificial birth control, and approved Paul VI's encyclical *Humanae Vitae*. He also reinforced church opposition to extramarital sex, homosexuality, abortion, and mercy killing. Two days earlier, in Philadelphia, he gave another tough speech to priests and seminarians about the permanence of priestly vows, the need for priestly celibacy, and the importance of an all-male priesthood. (John Paul might have been alarmed to notice that, in the crush of the Grant Park Mass, priests were enlisting all available hands to help pass out communion wafers, without regard to sex or even religious creed.) No doubt the pope did emphasize, in Chicago and in the US generally, the call of all Christians to evangelize.

John Paul did welcome outwardly the cultural pluralism and diversity of viewpoints of the US. But he also made clear his belief in a muscular priestly authority inside the church itself. He reaffirmed some of the most unpopular church doctrines and showed little sympathy with the creeping liberalism, sometimes called "laicization," in the American church.

The conventional wisdom is that John Paul may be a great crowd-pleaser, but he is hopelessly out of touch with the crowd's values. Fortunately for him, this view holds, the United States has a syncretist religious culture typical of corrupt civilizations. Americans generally worship and/or adopt the gods of other tribes, as well as their own. A pope is just another superstar, and a John Paul can fit in the same pantheon as a John Travolta or a Johnny Carson. His theology need not be taken too seriously, or no more seriously than Travolta's.

This view rests on the standard democratic fallacy that personality does not matter in history and that mores and values (even sexual mores and values) are impersonal forces that are immune to personal charisma. But the character of the church itself, it can hardly be doubted, has been and still is the product of the personalities of particular popes. In part, that's what makes a pope so lurid and fascinating a figure to a liberal, democratic society like ours.

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In the early Middle Ages, for example, Gregory VII y sheer force of personality substantially shaped the otions of church and state in the West. It was Gregory, ou will recall from your studies, along with certain ther clerical fanatics of the 11th century, who wrested ontrol over many church offices away from feudal ords and princes. They even tried deposing emperors. Their war against simony (a kind of "laicization"), their nsistence on priestly celibacy, and their stress on a full-lress sacerdotal priesthood set the stage for many of he ideological battles in the church today.

John Paul is at a disadvantage in these battles ompared to his predecessor. Gregory at least had the ntellectual party in the church mostly on his side. John Paul, who may be the most intellectual of modern ontiffs, has been nearly deserted by the intellectual arty. Among American church intellectuals, he is lmost isolated.

This may help explain why John Paul is so obsessed with priestly vocations and the need to set an inspirational example for brother clerics. Perhaps, with a long enough reign, and if his charisma holds out, John Paul hopes to acquire an articulate intellectual party of his own in the American church.

The evening of the Grant Park Mass, channel 7 news interviewed two potential seminarians who said that the experience of the pope's visit had decided them on their vocations. Who entered the Chicago seminaries last week, and why, may seem like trivial matters; but they may be the most critical factors over time in determining the importance of John Paul II as pope. If he acquires a party of his own, he may succeed in staving off the democratization of the church long after he himself has departed from the scene. I think he is certain to lose in this effort, but win or lose, his papacy will be a very good show.

Thomas Geoghegan

Thomas Geoghegan, a former *TNR* staff writer, is a Chicago lawyer.

France shows the world
how to leave your colonies in style.

Post-Imperial Splendor

Giscard was willing to be embarrassed, but not humiliated. He could endure Emperor Jean Bédel Bokassa I physically assaulting Africans—recently joining the gang at Ngaragba prison to mow down 100 or so schoolchildren. But the president could not endure the emperor verbally assaulting Frenchmen—threatening to clobber René Journiac (Paris's new Africa overseer) and then, as the final stunt, hanging up on Giscard himself after a long-distance tirade.

When the phone slammed down, the emperor was a marked man. Musical thrones was on: Mr. David Dacko would replace his cousin, Emperor Bokassa, after 14 squalid years in office, just as dear Jean Bédel had replaced cousin David after his own five slovenly years running the country. The 2.4 million citizens of the Central African Republic (first Republic; then Empire; now again Republic) couldn't care less. Eighty percent are subsistence farmers, 95 percent are illiterate.

The portly Dacko immediately thanked "first and foremost, our good French friends" and secondly "friendly African nations," for returning him to power. His most astonishing revelation was that the coup had been two months in the planning. Two months to administer a purge in the two-bit capital of Bangui, "guarded" by a mannequin-like palace patrol whose rotation went uninterrupted during the coup, and by the national army, long stripped of all weapons and ammunition as a coup-prevention measure? Journiac's predecessor Jacques Foccart—once czar of French intelligence, covert operations, and (no coincidence) relations with Africa—could have disposed of the task in two days, and without needing all those 800 to 1200 French troops in Bangui either.

But Foccart never had to overthrow a government France recognized. He merely had to reinstall his man in Gabon (1964) when some audacious undesirables drummed him out, and keep his endangered men on top in Senegal (1968), Chad, and other spots. Last year he managed a tidy transition on the Comoro Islands led by Frenchman "Colonel Daddy" Bob Denard (of Katangan mercenary fame), a small band of ruffians, and a kennel of German shepherds.

Perhaps Journiac needed two months since Bokassa had long been an ideal black Frenchman. Gallantry during 23 years of faithful service to the French Army (particularly in Indochina) gained him both the Croix de Guerre and the Légion d'Honneur. His second country, two and a half times the size of France, was found to contain oil, diamonds, and all sorts of precious though unpronounceable minerals. All this and so much more, such as an air base and missile testing site in the northeast, was open to beloved France.

And France played along faithfully by supplying over half the country's entire budget and, far more appealing to Bokassa, by supporting his antics. From Paris came francs to train two score black soldiers to ride two score white stallions, a sparkling new fleet of Mercedes cars, and 200 spiffy BMW motorcycles to gallop over and cruise down dirt roads during Bokassa's Napoleonic self-coronation two years ago. From Paris, the only Western capital, came hearty congratulations on the resplendent occasion which cost four million dollars, nearly 10 percent of the country's GNP.

The master of ceremonies on this occasion was none other than Jacques Giscard d'Estaing, financial head of France's Atomic Energy Commission, who was happily eyeing Bokassaland's $125 million worth of uranium

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deposits. Jacques's first cousin—cousins are central to these African republics—Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, cherishes his hunting expeditions there.

The emperor himself hunted a different kind of game. Unlike some African chiefs who have merely tolerated brutality, Bokassa positively reveled in the sights, sounds, and smells of it. The emperor first abandoned public civility when leading an assault on the Ngaragba prison to slaughter inmates before hanging them out in front of an amazed crowd. In 1977 he clobbered an AP reporter serving a month in solitary confinement; the poor fellow showed signs of his own mental derangement by printing a hard-hitting article about Bokassaland while still within range of the emperor's legendary cane and infamous dungeon.

The emperor's last exercise of this sort came when schoolchildren, protesting over being forced to buy regalia sold by the empress Catherine, were stoned, stabbed, shot, suffocated, or beaten, after which the emperor and his henchmen tossed them into the river or refrigerated their parts in the palace. Immediately afterward, he issued a decree celebrating the Year of the Child.

Still the French played along. When Amnesty International publicized the kiddy massacre, the Elysée called it a "pseudo-event." When a five-nation commission of African lawyers named Bokassa as leader of the slaughter, Paris took "good care not to breathe a word about it, as if still trying to protect a butcher," said *Le Monde*. When that report was publicly released, the "Ministry of Cooperation" noted cooperatively that it was only an unofficial finding.

Human rights have nothing to do with foreign affairs in general or with a robust African policy in particular, according to France (where civil liberties are appallingly circumscribed). Alone among Western powers, Paris kept an embassy in Francisco Macias's nauseating slave estate of Equatorial Guinea. So the French could stomach the gentler Bokassa. Africa is important to France. "Without Africa," François Mitterand wrote two decades ago, "there will be no history of France in the 21st Century." Consequently, France has military arrangements with all its former colonies (except two), backed up by French military bases. Ten thousand French troops are stationed on the continent and the legendary Foreign Legion is raring to go from Corsica. And there is a common currency union to lock the African states in economically.

Local Boys Make Good

Stanley Kauffmann, *The New Republic*'s film critic since 1958, will be interviewed on public television's "The Dick Cavett Show" on Tuesday, October 16. Richard Strout, "TRB From Washington" since 1942, will be Cavett's guest on Friday, October 26. Broadcast times vary across the country, and the dates may vary took, so check your local TV listings.

But to France, Africa is more than interests. It is sou Even the haughty Giscard becomes gushy whe reflecting on how "the natural beauty of the continer is unique. I love the African character . . . that wisdon that simplicity, that humanity, that equality, and I hav always felt, as did the ancients, that Africa was a sort c mother continent for mankind."

Such potent Oedipal sentiments are reinforced b the Africans' adopting the adored French tongue an partaking of its precious culture. The French, after al aren't racists—just cultural snobs. They delight tha African elites are schooled and cultured in Paris, wea fitted shirts and designer jeans, and sneer at th Americans' atrocious French accents.

The Africans reciprocate emotionally and practically David Dacko awaited his triumphant Bangui retur lounging around Gabon, where 30,000 Frenc residents (the same proportion of inhabitants there a whites in Rhodesia) run all the restaurants, interna security, and nearly all government agencies, anc control the economy. After the coup, Bokassa sa briefly on a Paris runway wondering where to go intc exile with his hundreds of millions of dollars (his wa another of Africa's kleptocracies). The French scurriec around on his behalf, rusty on where to send deposec emperors since Elbe and St. Helena closed down. Finally Bokassa jetted off to the Ivory Coast, where 50,00C French residents (five times the number at In- dependence) run all the restaurants, internal security, and nearly all government agencies, and control the economy. President Felix Houphouet-Boigny, who served in the French parliament, had just returned from an annual two month vacation (guess where) when he received an "anguished call and sobs" from the fallen empress Catherine. Less anguished but no less imploring calls came from Paris. So Bokassa was allowed in as "an act of Christian charity" and political generosity.

Such generosity is unique to French Africa. Belgian ambassadors to Zaire, the former Belgian Congo, routinely suffer heaping abuse from President Mobutu; former British colonies routinely dump on London; Nigeria nationalized British Petroleum and excluded the British from bidding on construction projects; Zambia's president this month advocated that Britain "be driven out of the Commonwealth" (if it failed to work a miracle on Zimbabwe). Former Portuguese colonies, still snubbing the metropole, have yet to begin such juvenile behavior. Only France stands above humiliation. Africans respect the French for radiating sublime confidence and savoring that nasty element still at the heart of international politics: power.

After the Bokassa incident, even the staunchly pro-government *Le Figaro* appealed for "some morality" in France's foreign dealings. But such a lofty notion defies French diplomatic history. Last century, Mark Twain expressed pungently what others phrased obliquely: "France has neither winter nor summer nor morals;

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apart from these drawbacks, it is a fine country." It also defies logic; a moral policy toward Bokassa is like a fried snowball (or a "serious joke," as Dacko later called his stunning announcement to recognize South Africa). Even the US State Department, so long on morality and short on action of late, expressed its ethical view of *l'affaire Bokassa* with the cry: "Vive la France!"

Kenneth Adelman

Kenneth Adelman is a freelance writer and member of the Strategic Studies Center of SRI International.

The obsolescence of the SALT II debate.

Fighting the Last War

What Einstein said decades ago is still true today: "The unleashed power of the atom has changed everything except our way of thinking." The debate over the SALT II treaty demonstrated this truism once again. For all their disagreements over "first strike capability," verification, and so forth, the opposing camps in the strategic arms debate share an obsolete style of thinking about nuclear weapons. They both think and act, by and large, as though the atomic revolution of 1945 never occurred. This intellectual obsolescence is, in the long run, more dangerous to American security than all the issues the SALT debaters are arguing about.

Nuclear weapons fundamentally altered the traditional relationship between political aims and physical violence. From the beginning of history until 1945, a great power could rationally choose to wage all-out war against another great power in order to achieve political ends, as long as the calculus of risk and advantage seemed favorable. Today, however, such a calculus counsels against the use of nuclear weapons, since their unprecedented destructiveness, both short and long term, heavily outweighs any possible political gain. The use of nuclear weapons, even if at first on a limited scale, would unleash an unmitigated disaster, which could lead only to the destruction of both belligerents.

The very application of conventional lanaguage to nuclear "weapons" and "war" is outmoded. By definition, a "weapon" is a tool for executing the tactics and strategy of battle; "war" is fought for the attainment of political goals. In Clausewitz's phrase, it is "politics by other means." In short, both words imply a rational relationship between the nature of the battle and the objectives for which it is fought. Yet how and for what ends can nuclear weapons rationally be used? How can nuclear war be fought? What is the meaning of—and what is the difference between—winning and losing a nuclear war? The conventional language conceals the new reality for whose novelty we have not yet found appropriate words.

The uncritical application of conventional language to the unprecedented phenomena of nuclear weapons not only obscures the truth, it also hinders rational policymaking. Thus it is fatal to the cause of nuclear arms control to deal with nuclear weapons and nuclear war as if they were simply larger versions of conventional weapons and conventional war. In truth, they are different in kind because they are instruments of total destruction, and therefore incapable of performing the traditional functions of conventional weapons and war.

A successful strategy for arms control must explicitly recognize the distinction between nuclear and conventional arms. Starting with the Russian proposals of 1816, attempts at controlling conventional arms have been numerous and almost always unsuccessful. They have failed because the size and quality of a nation's stockpile of conventional weapons directly affects that nation's ability to pursue its political aims successfully. The more pieces of artillery a nation can put into the field, the more political power it can project. Hence, conventional disarmament remained impossible as long as the political issue that gave rise to the arms race in the first place remained unsettled.

Nuclear weapons radically transformed this conventional relationship between military destructive capacity and political power. Once you are able to destroy your enemy utterly, even under the worst of circumstances, you have reached an optimum level of armaments beyond which it is obviously senseless to continue stockpiling. This distinction between conventional and nuclear armaments is what makes nuclear disarmament theoretically possible. For once you have enough nuclear weapons to assure the destruction of the enemy, you need no more; additional weapons beyond this point have no military or political significance.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union are today able to devastate the other's civilization many times over. Neither side gains anything militarily or politically by increasing its might beyond this already unprecedented level of destruction. Yet both sides, applying the concepts of conventional arms to the nuclear field, have ignored this fundamental fact, and have embarked upon a nuclear arms race which promises no military or political advantage to either side, and therefore is completely irrational.

In recognition of that irrationality, both sides have tried to control the nuclear arms race, and even proclaim total disarmament as an ultimate goal. Yet in the process they have revealed how much they are, in practice, oblivious to the distinction between conventional and nuclear arms. They have haggled for seven years over issues that might be relevant to conventional weapons but are mostly irrelevant to nuclear armament. Does it matter, for instance, that SALT II allows certain Russian missiles to carry only a specified

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number of independently targetable warheads? Would it make any strategic difference if they carried more, either by mutual consent or in violation of the treaty? As long as the number of warheads does not affect the mutual ability of assured destruction, the size and number of each side's weapons are irrelevant. As long as my enemy has one gun that can kill me, it is irrelevant to our relationship that he also has the finest collection of guns in town.

The military balance as a bean-counting exercise is just one concept among many, hallowed by tradition, that have been rendered obsolete by the nuclear revolution. Defense, limited war, victory, alliances, and the distinction between combatants and non-combatants also have lost most practical meaning. Yet our strategic experts disquietingly continue to think in obsolete terms, and thus construct obsolescent policies concerning the nuclear weapons that have transformed the condition of our existence.

The SALT II debate is the best recent example of this cultural lag, which has dominated the theory and practice of nuclear weapons policy since 1945. The history of nuclear military doctrine and practice is a story of successive futile attempts to adapt nuclear weapons to the conventional functions of the nation-state. For more than three decades—from the so-called "clean" H-bomb to the counterforce strategy and the neutron bomb, we have tried to make it appear that nuclear weapons are just conventional weapons writ large, to be manipulated in a conventional way.

The heart of the SALT II debate is the issue of strategic superiority between the United States and the Soviet Union. Both sides in the debate recognize in the abstract how irrelevant the concept of "superiority" is when applied to nuclear weapons. Henry Kissinger cried out during a press conference in July 1974: "What in the name of God is strategic superiority? What is the significance of it . . . at these levels of numbers? What do you do with it?" Yet speaking to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee this past July, Kissinger expressed regret over his rash statement of five years ago:

> *My statement reflected fatigue and exasperation, not analysis. If both sides maintain the balance, then indeed the race becomes futile and SALT has its place in strengthening stability. But if we opt out of the race unilaterally, we will probably be faced eventually with a younger group of Soviet leaders who will figure out what can be done with strategic superiority.*

It hardly needs to be pointed out that this is a less than convincing argument in favor of seeking strategic superiority.

Kissinger and other witnesses, particularly Secretary of Defense Harold Brown, all admitted that the concept of nuclear superiority has no meaning in any conventional military sense. Yet they endeavored to give it a new political meaning. Increases in nuclear strength beyond the point of assured destruction have no military significance, they argued, but nuclea superiority can add significantly to a nation's politica power. The reason is that what counts in the powe calculus is not only the actual power available, but als the perceptions of one's power by other nations. If th Soviet Union possesses more warheads than the Unite States, this does not make it militarily more powerfu than the United States; but these extra warheads d increase Soviet political power compared to the Unite States because people perceive the USSR—albei falsely—to have become more powerful militarily.

This argument assumes that other governments ar in the hands of stupid people who cannot discern th superficial from the meaningful. Admitting that the themselves understand the difference between nuclea and conventional weapons, these policymakers argue that the difference shouldn't be reflected in policy because others are not so perceptive.

Besides this psychological argument, defenders of the intellectual status quo also advance a political and military argument typical of obsolete thinking. The strategy of assured destruction, they say, drastically limits the options of the president of the United States. In the event of a limited nuclear attack by the Soviet Union, the president is faced with two equally unacceptable choices: the slaughter of tens of millions of civilians or, if he is repelled by this barbarous alternative, appeasement. Nuclear arms beyond the level required for "assured destruction," so goes this argument, make it possible to wage limited nuclear war, a type of warfare that leaves in its wake the sort of limited destruction that is familiar from modern conventional war. There must be a way, so the prevailing argument runs, in which nuclear weapons can be used as instruments not of total destruction but of limited war. Consequently, there must be a way in which nuclear weapons can be used rationally for the purpose of victory rather than deterrence. It is to that conventional position that Kissinger, in his recent utterances, has returned. Most of our approaches to nuclear strategy have been predicated upon that position.

Since 1945 we have tried to adapt nuclear power to our conventional way of thinking. But as three decades of debate have shown, it cannot be done. Limited nuclear war with limited damage is conceivable only if the stakes of the war are also limited. But it is difficult to imagine a rational resort to nuclear weapons on behalf of interests that are not of supreme importance, justifying—initially or through escalation—unlimited nuclear commitment and potentially unlimited damage. This is why nuclear weapons have not been used since 1945. "Limited" nuclear war is a contradiction in terms: nuclear weapons are instruments of uncontrollable and potentially unlimited destruction, to be used only in defense of the most critical interests. Soviet military doctrine operates on the assumption that nuclear war begun on behalf of limited interests probably will escalate into all-out nuclear war. If nuclear weapons are

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used on behalf of critical interests, such as saving Western Europe, they surely will be used as instruments of total war.

Conventional modes of thought have not dominated the nuclear debate by accident. They are the symptoms of a pervasive unwillingness to part with conventions hallowed by all of history, and to apply to nuclear weapons the logic and policies appropriate to them. It is this gap between reality and subjective consciousness that not only reduces the SALT II debate to irrelevance, but also delivers us helplessly to the prospect of nuclear destruction.

Hans J. Morgenthau

Hans. J. Morgenthau is University Professor of Political Science at the New School For Social Research.

The frontier has been closed for almost a century.

Conservation—The False Issue

by Henry Fairlie

From time to time a political issue will seem to become more important than itself. Conservation may be one in the coming year. Until recently the conservationists have been a collection of pressure groups and individuals with disparate if related concerns; as a result they have been able to cause difficulties for candidates only in some constituencies and regions of the country. It is only metaphysically that it has been possible to say that the conservationist at a town meeting in New England has the same concerns as the conservationists whose feet are planted on the western slopes of the Rockies. The conservationist in the East is genteel. But the battles that now rage over conservation in the West are as ferocious as those in the past between cattlemen and sheep-grazers. The stakes always seem and often are as high as the great feuds of the past over water rights. Therefore, conservation until now has been many local issues and not a single national issue. This is what may have changed this year.

The conservationists have needed one overriding national concern to act as a nucleus around which their own separate concerns could be congregated and be given at least the character of a general political issue. They may have found it in the energy shortage. Once the conservation of energy is proclaimed to be an urgent national policy, the conservationists are suddenly able to make all their other interests seem relevant to it. What in fact may be forming is the kind of phenomenon sociologists and political scientists used to call excitedly a syndrome. A liberal who was against the use of capital punishment, the simple argument ran, was likely to be in favor of providing subsidized abortions. From this it was possible to point to a whole bundle of attitudes generally held by those who identified themselves as liberals. That was the syndrome and, for all the fallacies of the notion, it contained a truth. (One of the weaknesses of liberalism now is that this syndrome has broken apart on exactly the questions of civil and individual rights that used to lie at its core.) All along, the conservationists have been trying to discover such a syndrome, but without much success. Now their work may have been done for them by the energy crisis, and by the emphasis on energy conservation as one of the primary ways to meet it.

The syndrome still looks a bit tacky. There is really no reason why a care for the environment should lead one to oppose the continued operation of nuclear power stations and the building of new ones; why an anxiety about pollution in Pittsburgh should lead one to defend Robert Redford's ranch in the wilderness; why even a wish to protect the wilderness should lead one to support every extravagant claim of the conservationists to set aside yet more vast tracts of it for the backpackers and the white-water kayakers; why an awareness that our world consists of innumerable ecologies that are interdependent should lead one to go to excessive lengths to rescue every endangered species; why a worry about the existing sources of energy should lead one to throw all one's dollars into the development of alternative sources of it which promise no adequate or certain return and are even rather quirky. But when Jimmy Carter and others set so much store by the need to conserve energy, the conservationists saw the possibility of an electoral issue that at last nationally would be more than a nuisance.

It will be very tiresome if conservationists write in to say that I do not care for nature, or that I do not think that pollution is an evil, or that I ignore how fragile each ecosystem is, or that I am blind to the fact that resources can be frittered. I simply think that affirmative action

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on behalf of the wilderness can be carried beyond its legitimate and intended objective. There is a man-made environment that deserves our celebration and our care as much as any natural environment. Nothing of what I wear or eat or drink—except the occasional haunch of venison sent to me by a hunter, whose love of nature of course exceeds my own—comes to me from mother nature's larder. Even the conservationists are sustained not by nature but by man's cultivation of it.

One would think from much of the political chatter just now that the fact that the domestic resources of the United States are not unlimited has struck the American people and their leaders with the force of a revelation only since OPEC began to turn the thumb-screw in 1974. The truth is that this fact played a prominent role in an election almost half a century ago. In a campaign in which he was not particularly renowned for the clarity of his political views, Franklin Roosevelt made only one really important speech in 1932. It was his famous address to the Commonwealth Club. Some 30 years earlier, Frederick Jackson Turner had seized on the statement of the director of the census in 1890 that the frontier was closed, and he wrote a book about it. It takes a long time for ideas to percolate into the political realm, and it was only in 1932 that Roosevelt and his speechwriters took up Turner's theme. America could no longer expect to find new resources by pushing farther and farther to the West, FDR said, so it must henceforth organize its society to produce what it needed from the resources that were available. The speech was an inspiration, especially to the opinion-carriers who help to win elections, because it seemed to define the problem that lay behind all others, and to propose a remedy. It was remedy for which that generation had long been prepared by its teachers. By a more deliberate and rational ordering of society, prosperity would be recovered and then sustained, and the shortages that threatened would be transformed into abundance. They and the nation went to work.

So it is a little late in the day to discover that the frontier is closed and that resources are finite. The fact was placed before the American people almost 50 years ago. In fact, it is very late in the day. There is some remarkably far-sighted writing of the past showing not only that the present difficulties were foreseen, but why this question continued to touch a nerve in the American people. The English political writers who gazed so long and so fruitfully on the great American experiment at the beginning of the 19th century were responsible for what came to be called the doctrine of "propitious circumstances." The experiment being conducted in America was only possible, they said, because its circumstances for the moment were so auspicious. The nation had a relatively sparse population in a continent that was almost boundless and still largely unoccupied. Thomas Hamilton toured the United States in 1830-31, and returned to England to write *Men and Manners in America*. In it he agreed that America was able to attempt much with impunit because of the abundance of its land. But he looke ahead to a time when the huge resources of the We would be limited if not exhausted, and masses of peopl would be crowded into large industrial cities plague with economic strife. Although the economic strife ha generally been muted since 1945, by and large this ha been the condition of America since the beginning o the century. The days of its "propitious circumstances are over, but the desire in America to recover an preserve them remains strong.

This desire reflects one aspect of the America character that puzzles the outsider: the insistence o Americans that their problems are unique to them Americans tend to believe that the United States i alone in the world, alone even in history, and it problems, like its experience, are *sui generis*. Behind th theme of conservation is a yearning for independence America is the only industrialized and trading natior for 500 years which at the back of its mind still covet self-sufficiency. This in turn makes its problems seem more numerous and more intractable than they really are. Since they are America's alone, they are for America alone to solve. The kind of adjustments that are needed and within reach are lost in another in-turned effort to make the nation over yet again. There are not just to be new policies; the whole of the past is to be reversed.

But this can also cause a wallowing in self-doubt, incited by leaders who talk too glibly of malaise. The periodic outbursts of self-criticism in America are another characteristic puzzling to the outsider. The most bitter anti-Americans are always Americans, because they feel the need not just to criticize but to reject: to reject not only certain aspects of the present, but no less than the whole of America's own past. Americans—it is said—raped the Indians, they raped the land, they raped the blacks, and of course they raped their women. What or whom, according to this vocabulary, did they not rape? It is as if Americans must, when they are in this mood, feel a personal guilt about the past, because they will not treat it as past. It must be brought back to be buried again at Wounded Knee. The American wilderness is not now to be fittingly protected; instead, the whole of America's past is to be returned to the wilderness.

This is always the danger in the general theme of conservation in America: it makes too strong an appeal at too many levels to the American mind. It leads to wishful thinking about the past—the desire to bring back the lost state of innocence—instead of leading to practical readjustments in the present. The frontier is closed, so let us produce, said Roosevelt with sound sense; the frontier is closed, so let us conserve, is the message today.

The battle between production and conservation may in fact be glossed over in the coming election. For there is another aspect of the issue to be considered. We

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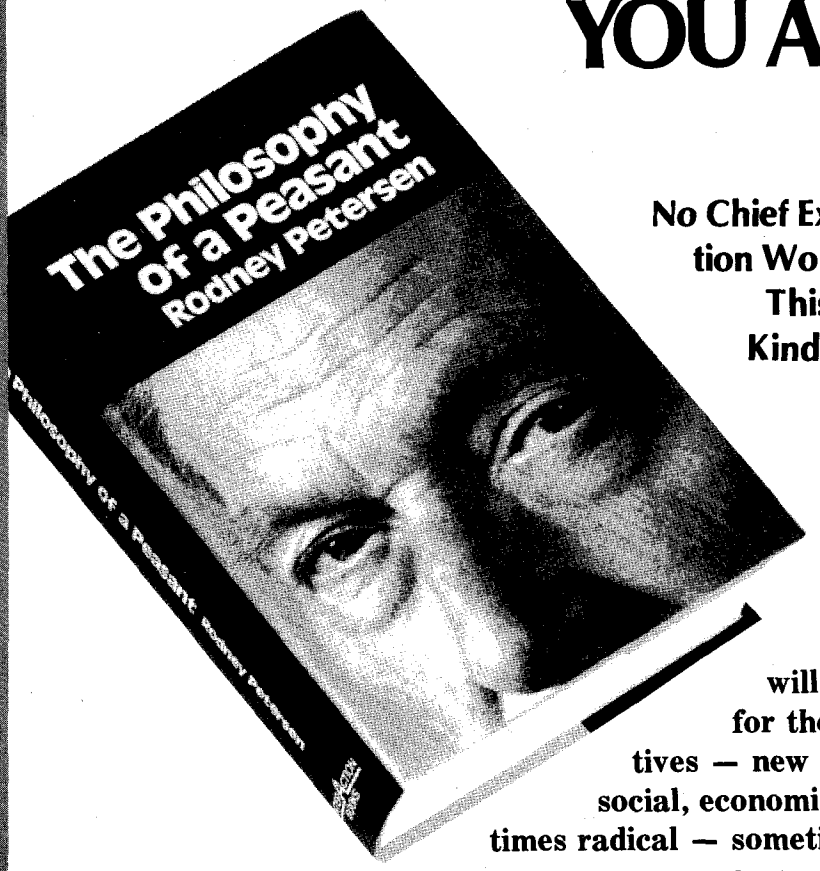

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INTERACTION BOOKS

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have not heard the last of Pat Caddell's extraordinary statement that a contest between Edward Kennedy and Jimmy Carter for the nomination "would inevitably pit the North against the South, the liberals against the conservatives, the cities against the countryside, and the Catholics against the Protestants." Let us leave aside the fact that this is almost a proclamation of civil war. What interests me is the third of the categories because I have increasingly thought that the most important characteristic of Carter is that he is rural. Not just small-town, or even "countryside," but dirt-road rural. I do not mean this as a term of reproach, and certainly not as one of denigration. I am merely saying that he is an astonishing figure to have in the White House in this day and age. One has no sense that he has any feeling for a city.

The political conflict between the urban and the rural has been far more tenacious in America than elsewhere. This is not only because there are built-in mechanisms in the American political system that sustain and even exaggerate the power of the rural. In no other comparable country since the days of the small town have city and country been brought into so little relationship with each other as in America. It is not that the large cities are uglier and the countryside more despoiled than in Europe—this is untrue—but that in America the two do not exist side by side but in fact have separate lives. This phenomenon has been described often, and its causes as often debated. But the intellectuals themselves are always swinging backward and forward between categorical opposites: the rural is backward and the urban is progressive but, at the same time, the urban is wicked and the rural is virtuous. Politically this means that there is always a temptation to politicians, as they look at the electoral map, to win with the cities against the countryside or win with the countryside and kiss goodbye to the cities. One of the fascinations of Roosevelt is that he was one of the few presidents who psychologically even more than electorally seemed to bridge the gulf between these two nations that exist in the American mind.

I do not think that it is an exaggeration to say that everything in Carter at the moment is pulling him ever farther away from the cities to rely on the countryside. Not only would this make it harder for him to govern the country even if he were reelected, not only would it probably lead to a heightening of tensions in the cities which are already greater than we care to acknowledge, but it would again be a fundamental turning away from the industrial and commercial capacity of the nation to produce. Whenever one listens to his emphases when he speaks of the need to conserve energy, one realizes that they reflect a much deeper belief in an America that really only has to be conserved in order to survive. But the conservationists themselves can to an important extent be described as émigrés from the large cities. Even when they remain in them to make the loot to enjoy rural America, they have all the characteristics of internal émigrés, enjoying the consolations of disgruntlement with urban America while not having to endure the disadvantages of exile from it.

It seems more and more likely that some important lines will be redrawn at this election, lines that have been waiting to be redrawn for perhaps two decades. Against this background, the battle between the conservationists and the producers will not be trivial. It may even be the first class conflict America has known in political terms for a long time. It would do everyone at the White House a lot of good to go back and read Roosevelt's speech to the Commonwealth Club. It might convince them that one does not gain the future by trying to regain and refurbish the past.

South Africa's massive forced relocation strategy.

The Curse of the Bantustans

by James North

Msinga District, South Africa

On the south side of the Tugela river here in this isolated part of the South African interior, it is dense, thorny scrub country, interrupted regularly by spacious farms, glistening green jewels of irrigated splendor growing cotton, corn, alfalfa, and oranges. On the north side of the Tugela, the panorama is completely different: clusters of round, mud-walled huts cover a barren landscape. Almost all the scrub has been cut for firewood, and only an occasional plot of stunted corn is under cultivation. On the south side, a handful of whites live in tidy farmhouses and a greater

James North is a pseudonym for an American living in southern Africa.

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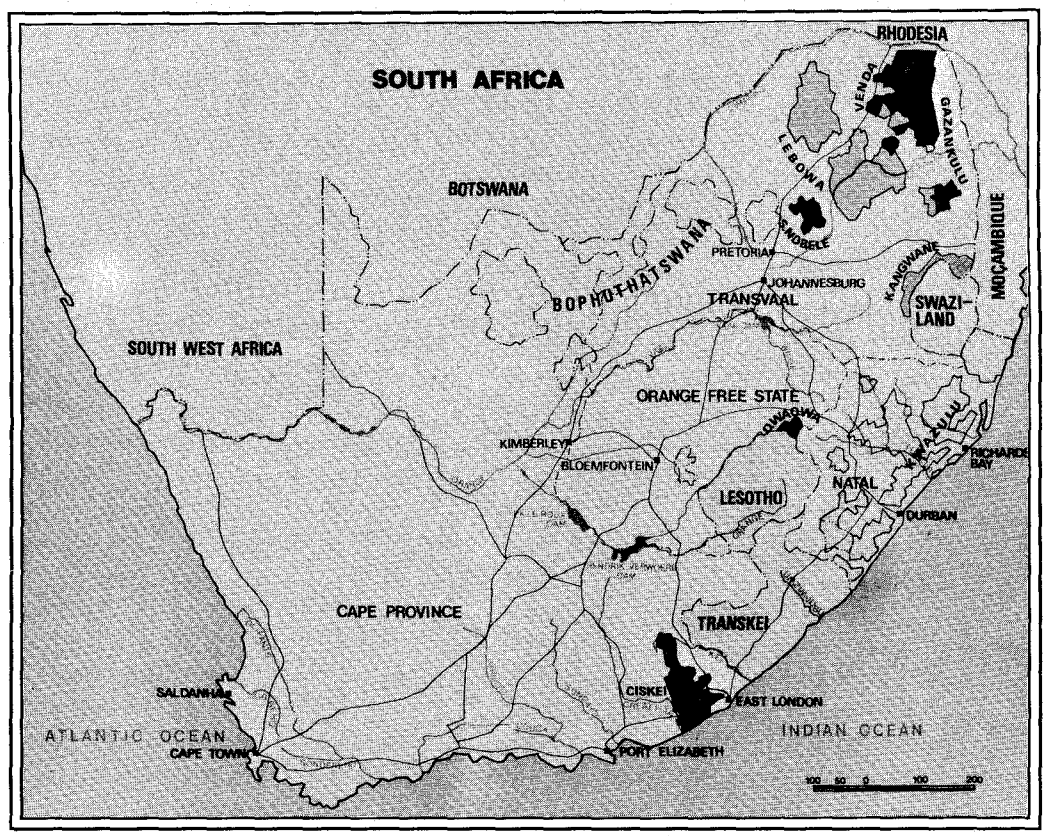
umber of blacks live in abor barracks. On the orth side, 30,000 black eople live along the river tself, and another 80,000 tay farther up in the ills. Crossing the Tugela ere is like going from owa or the Imperial Valley to Java or Haiti.

The south side of the Tugela is, by law, part of "white" South Africa, the 87 percent of the country in which blacks are not permitted to own land and are allowed to enter only to work, as "temporary sojourners." The north side is part of the Kwa-Zulu bantustan, one of 10 such entities covering the remaining 13 percent of the country in which blacks are supposed to "develop separately." The bantustan system is the South African regime's enormously shrewd and sophisticated effort to control the black majority and to reduce international criticism of its policies. It is the keystone of the apartheid system.



Overseas, the most widely understood feature of the bantustan system is its effect on urban blacks. South Africa's 18 million black people are divided into 10 ethnic groups, or "tribes." For people who live in Soweto and the other urban townships, ethnic origin has little real meaning. In many cases, their forebears moved to the cities decades ago. Nonetheless, the government assigns all urban blacks to a distant bantustan and denies them any political rights in the "white area." As each bantustan becomes "independent," urban blacks who "belong" to it are stripped of their South African citizenship. The policy is a monstrous farce: nine of the 10 bantustans have more "citizens" living outside their territories than within them. Many South Africans never even have been to what the regime now has taken to calling their "homelands." The policy anticipates a day when, in the words of a former Cabinet minister, "There will not be one black man with South African citizenship."

But the effect of the bantustan policy on urban blacks is dwarfed by the sweeping changes it is causing in the remote rural districts. Away from international view, one of the greatest forced relocations of population since the end of World War II is taking place.

The enormity of the silent upheaval is shown by conditions in the Msinga District. Once blacks lived permanently on the south side of the Tugela, staying on white farms in a kind of feudal relationship under which they raised their own crops and cattle for six months of the year in return for providing the white farmer with labor during the other six months. Then, in the late 1960s, the removals began. Blacks were dumped across the river. When they resisted, the police came and burned their huts. Land pressure on the north side, already considerable, increased even further. Erosion increased. The men joined the growing stream of migrant labor in the cities, leaving women and children behind to try to scratch a living from the worn-out soil while anxiously awaiting remittances from the men. Small boys began swimming across the Tugela to steal food from the white fields: one farmer switched entirely to cotton to end his theft problem. Other white farmers on the south side carry guns constantly.

In all 10 bantustans, which extend in an arc around the eastern, northern, and northwestern periphery of the country, these conditions are repeated on a grand scale. There used to be approximately equal numbers of blacks living in the urban areas, on white farms, and in the bantustans. But since 1960, at least 1.5 million, and probably more than two million people have been forceably moved to the bantustans, which now contain almost half the black population. Many were dumped into makeshift resettlement camps in the open veld; one such camp near Msinga houses between 20,000 and 40,000 people. Average population density in the 10 bantustans is 119 people per square mile, compared to 35 in the rest of the country. More than 70 percent of the economically active bantustan population is involved in the migrant labor system, and 35 percent of the employable men are away at any one time.

Per capita income in the bantustans, more than half of which comes from remittances by migrants, is difficult to measure. One 1974 estimate for the four

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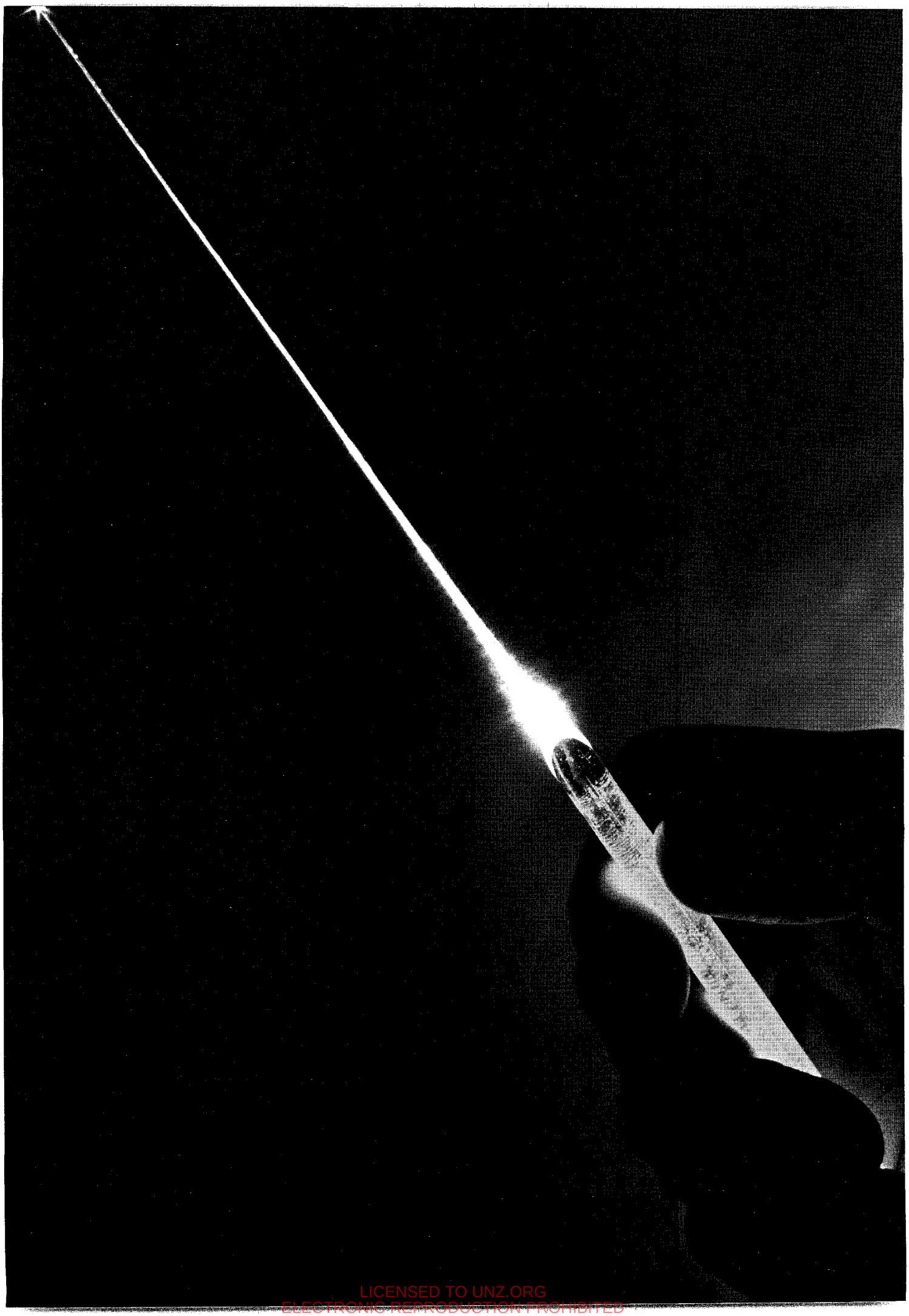

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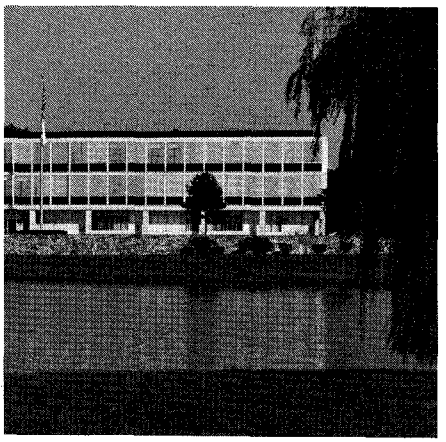

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largest territories put the figure at $97 per year, which contrasted unfavorably with countries like Nigeria ($180) and Tanzania ($120). The government's favorite claim that South African blacks are better off than the rest of black Africa may have been true 30 years ago, but it clearly is not true anymore.

The bantustans grew out of the Land Act of 1913, South Africa's version of the Enclosure Acts, which sharply restricted the areas where blacks could own land, thus insuring a supply of labor for white mines and farms. The "native reserves" delineated in the 1913 law were shrunken approximations of the area originally occupied by the black ethnic groups. The black territories came to function primarily as dumping grounds for what the regime called "surplus Bantu"—sick, unemployed, old, and young. Pensions, for example, usually are paid only in the bantustans, even if the retired worker always has lived in an urban area. The territories also helped limit the growth of a volatile underclass around the large cities.

The mass removals of the past 20 years occurred primarily because white agriculture became mechanized, and laborers were no longer needed year-round on the farms. But instead of permitting the former farm workers to move to the cities, the government pushed them into the bantustans. Without the black zones, and the whole apparatus of pass laws and other influx control measures, Johannesburg—already the second largest city of Africa, with a population of 2.5 million—would be two or three times that size: another Calcutta or São Paulo.

The bantustans also provided the regime with a response to the steadily mounting international criticism of its racial policies. It cited instances like the partition of the Indian subcontinent to argue that different races cannot live peacefully in a unitary state. (The government's ideologists are experts on ethnic, racial, and religious conflict elsewhere: *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* is a favorite text.) Furthermore, as an official publication states (completely inaccurately), "The black nations of South Africa are as different from each other as Greeks from Turks, Dutch from Germans or Jews from Arabs." Therefore, to prevent conflict, members of each "tribe" or "black nation" would exercise their rights in their respective bantustans. By now, the policy has been given an aura of noble idealism. But former prime minister Verwoerd made clear in 1961 that its origin was strictly pragmatic: "In light of the pressure being exerted on South Africa," he said, the government would proceed with the bantustans—"a form of fragmentation we would not have liked if we were able to avoid it, [but] thereby buying the white man his freedom and the right to retain domination in what is his country." Verwoerd and his successor, John Vorster, talked of bantustan independence as a distant goal, coming perhaps at the turn of the century. But South Africa's deteriorating international position convinced Vorster in 1969 to speed up the timetable dramatically. The territories were pushed through several preliminary steps, and the Transkei was launched in 1976, followed by Bophuta Tswana a year later, and Venda this September. Pretoria pays the salaries of chiefs and other traditional leaders in the black territories. It has rigged the bantustan constitutions so that appointed legislators, also on its payroll, outnumber or equal elected members in all of the territories. Pretoria also retains control through the bantustan budgets, up to 80 percent of which are direct annual grants from the South African Parliament.

The maneuvers in Venda, which just celebrated a comical independence ceremony complete with solemn appearances by ranking South African officials, show how the regime's strategy has functioned. In 1973, the opposition, which opposed independence, won 13 of 18 elected seats. But Pretoria's man, Chief Patrick Mphephu, persuaded the 32 appointed members of the provisional assembly to elect him chief minister. Last year, the number of elected seats was increased to 42, and the opposition won 31 of them. Mphephu promptly arrested many opponents, including 11 opposition deputies. He then went ahead and "asked" Pretoria for independence, which was courteously agreed to.

Despite all, several leaders who oppose at least some aspects of Pretoria's policy have managed to reach power, albeit of a limited sort, in the bantustans. Not surprisingly, the central point of their programs has been a complete rejection of independence under present conditions. The preeminent member of this rejectionist front, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi of KwaZulu, is the only bantustan head who has transcended a narrow tribal identification. He fiercely criticizes many aspects of government policy, and hints that if change is not forthcoming he could drop his present commitment to nonviolence. His Inkatha party, which the government permits to operate as a "national cultural liberation movement," claims 200,000 members, and not all of them are Zulus. He is a clever and imposing politician who is worshipped by his supporters. A Zulu woman Inkatha member once gushed, "If it weren't for Gatsha, we would be independent by now." South Africa is surely the only place in the world such a statement could be offered as praise.

To urban and exiled militants, especially the young people who led the 1976 Soweto rebellion, Buthelezi is despised as a sophisticated tool of Pretoria, who criticizes the regime just enough to appear independent, but who continues speaking from its platforms and accepting its salary while others are banned, imprisoned, exiled, and murdered. He draws particular fire for his outspoken stand against economic sanctions. He is also called a Zulu chauvinist, an autocrat, America's candidate for the future. Nevertheless, even his most bitter opponents recognize that he has used the bantustan system to build himself into a leader to be reckoned with—and some members of the government surely would like to be rid of him.

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Buthelezi's stand against independence seems to be shared by the remaining bantustan leaders, at least for now. No other nation besides South Africa has recognized the three "independent bantustans." The only conceivable benefit they have gained has been the elimination of petty apartheid (segregation of restaurants and other amenities), which never mattered much in the almost totally black territories. It is touching to hear a black woman at the beautiful seaside resort of Port St. Johns, Transkei, praise independence because now she can go to the beach, but there is really little to prevent the leaders of non-independent territories from eliminating discrimination in their areas as well.

In the past year the apartheid regime has taken a new direction. After the stagnation of the Vorster years, power has passed to a crafty triumvirate of new leaders: Prime Minister P. W. Botha, Foreign Minister Pik Botha, and the minister responsible for black affairs, Piet Koornhof. These three have a new vision for South Africa, summarized in the prime minister's phrase "Adapt or Die," and they are ruthlessly overruling their own right wing and pushing changes on several fronts. One concern is bantustan consolidation. Now each of the bantustans is fragmented into anywhere from two to 40 separate pieces. This produces jokes (Q: What is the biggest growth profession in the bantustans? A: Border guards) and limits the economic viability and overseas acceptability of the zones. Vorster held back on consolidation, fearful of losing support from whites whose land would be taken. Now the new leaders show every sign of speeding up the consolidation process and they even are talking of adding sweeteners in the form of white towns, some of them of economic importance.

The triumvirate then intends to enroll the consolidated bantustans in a "constellation of southern African states," headed by South Africa and (they hope) also including the internal settlement governments in Namibia and Zimbabwe. South Africa's strategists talk of political independence for the constellation's parts, but close economic and military "cooperation" among them. In fact, South Africa's powerful economy would keep the others firmly locked into orbit, while a sort of "Brezhnev Doctrine" would prevent any internal changes, at least in the bantustans. The constellation is designed to spruce up the country's international image by aligning it with some at least nominally black-ruled states. It also would bring some coveted official recognition for the bantustans. Bishop Muzorewa already has sent representatives to Venda's independence ceremony.

The threesome also is boldly revising government policy toward urban blacks. In the past, to perpetuate the "temporary sojourner" myth and to discourage permanent settlement in the cities, the regime prevented the growth in the black townships of facilities usually associated with urban living—large stores, decent educational facilities, and the like. Government policy also denied urban blacks any security of tenure: township residents paid rent on a monthly basis, and in theory could be "endorsed out" to the bantustans at any time. Soweto and the other townships thus owe their bleak, labor camp appearances to deliberate government policy as much as to simple poverty and neglect.

The traditional urban black policy has had two adverse consequences. It led to the black resentment that exploded three years ago. It also created an unstable work force with no stake in the system. This has caused low worker productivity—to the point where South African manufacturers are not competitive in world markets. To address both problems, the new leaders are moving to create a labor aristocracy in the cities. Under a recent group of reforms, a certain proportion of urban blacks (about 1.5 million people in all) will be granted security of tenure, and the townships will get electricity and other improved conditions in the townships. The regime has made it absolutely clear that there will be no political rights for blacks living in the white area. But there is talk of establishing the townships as "free cities," with some ties to the bantustans, or—as has already happened near Durban—redrawing bantustan lines to include urban areas.

The big losers are black people living in the bantustans, and those living "illegally" in the white areas. The illegals—those who never could or did get proper documentation—comprise about one-third to one-half of Soweto's population. Even stiffer influx control regulations will force the illegals back to the bantustans, to join the stream of legal migrant workers if they can. But black unemployment is growing (one estimate puts it at 1.5 million, or close to 20 percent of the work force), and it is more likely the expunged illegals will remain in the black territories, adding to the already terrible poverty and overcrowding.

Consider the future awaiting Thami, 14 years old, who lives in Msinga. His parents both have worked in Johannesburg all his life. He sees them occasionally, once when he traveled to a city hospital to be treated for malnutrition. At 10, he worked on a white farm picking oranges for $10 a month. "The white men drove up and down the rows of trees on motorbikes, hitting and kicking us if we weren't working," he recalled. He has attended less than two years in school, and now works as a herdboy. The government's new regulations mean there is no chance he can join the relatively good life in the cities as a permanent resident, and only a slim one that he will participate in it temporarily, as a migrant. If South Africa follows the pattern in neighboring Zimbabwe, someday he may well want to cross the Tugela River, enter the white area, and do more than steal food.

Coming:

Stephen Chapman on Solar Power.

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Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Moonshine

The line of Bernardo Bertolucci's career is beginning to look as wretched as Robert Altman's. Bertolucci, too, began with something more than promise (*Before the Revolution*, even *Partner*). Very soon he began to swamp that promise with self-intoxicating dexterity and egocentric artiness, which is the only kind of artiness actually (*The Spider's Strategy* and *The Conformist*). Then, like Altman, he peaked with a film that was more bulk than weight. (*Last Tango in Paris* can now be seen as Bertolucci's *Nashville*.) Not surprisingly, the same critical pumping stations that later inflated Altman also blew Bertolucci. Then, inevitably, came the shrinking into mannerism and derivation (*1900*), while the laurelers were left holding their oversize laurels. Now comes *Luna*, a picture so ludicrously bad that one is almost tempted to pity Bertolucci. But no, he is a monstrous and disgusting artist, not a failed authentic one, and for the sake of the authentic ones, successful or failed, Bertolucci has to be seen as what he is: a clever, cheap exploiter of everything that comes to his hand, including the talent he began with (like Altman).

I can't even grant that he started *Luna* with a serious idea, even with a serious ambition toward moods and textures for which he had to find an idea. From its first moment, *Luna* feels like self-indulgence, lazy preening while lying on the audience's lap. The very first shots, intense close-ups of a curly-headed infant dropping honey which his mother puts on her finger for him to lick, seem exhibitionistic rather than direct. (And, oh, is this ever a weightily symbolic scene, with the child tagging along a thread of yarn as he toddles—umbilical cord, perhaps?—and is there ever a reprise near the end.) The full moon appears in this first sequence (the title is Italian for moon), rather hurriedly jammed in after a long daylight scene; more shots of the moon are jammed in later as symbols of femininity and flow. When the film isn't being portentously symbolic, it's being empty—one or the other. The emptiness of the way that many beautiful locations are used soon becomes exploitation.

Vittorio Storaro, whose lush cinematography was so ironically apt in *Apocalypse Now*, is once again—with Bertolucci—merely fulsome. And with the movement of the camera, too, Bertolucci turns emptiness into offense. The camera rarely stops moving—pans and zooms and withdrawals—but these movements are so devoid of dramatic or even sheerly kinetic force that they become cartoons of the whole aesthetics of camera movement.

One exploitation of place that I found especially galling—I admit this is personal—is a scene at the front gate of Verdi's villa at Sant' Agata (which Bertolucci treats as if it were a suburb of Rome instead of being far up past Parma). The scene there between Jill Clayburgh and her son affected me the way a Busby Berkeley number at Lourdes might affect a Catholic.

What does this big iridescent tumor of a film pretend to be? Underneath the two hours of pomposity is a story that, essentially, is quite old-fashioned, for all its blatantly daring detail. An American opera singer has a 15-year-old son whom she loves but neglects because of her career. His putative father dies. She takes the boy to Rome where she is singing and where she learns that he is on dope. After the story goes through a lot of stuff—just stuff—the boy learns that the recently deceased father was not his real father: the latter is an Italian still living nearby and teaching small children. (Bertolucci leans on sentimental attribution—teacher equals simple goodness—as cornily as D. W. Griffith.) Apparently the boy's disturbance has come from some vague intimation that he has never known his real father (pure Victorian mysticism). He seeks out Dad and reunites him with Mom (more Victoriana) at an outdoor opera rehearsal.

The theme apparently—not so apparently, in fact—is that the boy has to be surrogate for his father until his father appears, surrogate in both his own life and his mother's. He and Mom are very close. At one point she masturbates him in his moment of need (a mother's work is never done); at another, they come very close to incest, a scene that ends with his head resting on the crotch of her panties. The publicity tells us that originally Bertolucci wanted mother and son to Do It but decided that it would end the picture right there, nothing could follow it. Wrong. He could have finished with a trio, non-operatic, mother, son, and long-lost father. Well, maybe next time. And maybe next time, some glimmer of conviction, of internal imperative for the goings-on. I don't care much for Malle's film about incest, *Murmur of the Heart*, but at least it had an inner rationale.

It's remotely conceivable that a really rich performance of the opera singer and a movingly anguished performance of the son might have given some texture to this nauseating fraud. But Clayburgh, who sometimes looks like a beagle, is skimpy as the singer. Many opera singers sound vernacular and tinny when they speak, as she does, but on the stage they don't "act" vernacular and tinny as she does, and they usually have some on-stage manner off-stage. The role desperately needed more than the one and a half or two dimensions that Clayburgh can give it. As the son, Matthew Barry is not a discovery.

The screenplay, rendered into English

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Dizzying texture, dismal drama. The feel of being caught in the Vietnam War, but not the moral agon it pretends to be.

Breaking Away. Breezy and moderately biting small-town comedy about adolescent class distinctions and fantasies.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. A mad parody of a messiah born in the same time and place as Jesus. For the unstuffy of any faith or non-faith.

The Seduction of Joe Tynan. Good political atmosphere, good acting, tired plot. A rising young senator, his wife, another woman.

SK

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by George Malko, was written by Bertolucci, his brother Giuseppe, and Clare Peploe. She is a young Englishwoman whose conjunction with Michelangelo Antonioni's life marks its artistic downturn. His career, even in its decline, has no resemblance to Bertolucci's, still Peploe appears in Antonioni's work as assistant on *Zabriskie Point;* her brother was the original author of *The Passenger* and presumably she wasn't far away. She joined Bertolucci on *1900*, and here she is again. In the old days, lepers had to wear bells. Nowadays artistic lepers get job after job.

The soundtrack of *Luna* is egregiously bad, full of those long dead silences that are not interludes of quiet in a room but of dead non-sound in a recording studio while everyone is waiting for the next cue. And a further desecration is the way that Bertolucci has used fragments of Verdi in the film. Obviously influenced by Visconti's integration of opera into film, Bertolucci has been mimicking it since *Before the Revolution*. There it was not mere pillage to support a weak structure. Here it is worse than plunder of Verdi, it is also mockery of Visconti. In the wonderful opening of *Senso*, Visconti uses a scene in *Il Trovatore* along with a sense of the backstage atmosphere of the opera house as the generative metaphor of his film. Bertolucci also uses a scene from *Il Trovatore*, also takes us backstage, but it is all sheer aural and visual décor, to no point in the picture.

Clayburgh is also visible in *Starting Over*, though not so completely—no peek at her pubic hair. This script, from a novel by Dan Wakefield, was written by James L. Brooks, begins engagingly, and has some good moments. Burt Reynolds, a New Yorker, gets divorced against his wishes, goes to Massachusetts to be near his married brother, and is introduced to Clayburgh (a teacher of small children!). He is attracted. She is attracted but wary: like virtually every young woman in American films today, she walks a tightrope between emotional pull and fear of commitment. It's further complicated because he still feels the tug of his ex-wife.

The opening half hour or so, bar a few parody touches with the psychiatrist brother and his wife, has some feeling of reality, of human expedition. There are good touches later, too. A group of divorced men meet for mutual help in a church basement; when they finish, they file upstairs past a group of divorced women coming downstairs for *their* meeting. When a doctor helps a

"A stunning new book that completely revolutionizes one's understanding of Freud." – *Donald Fleming, Harvard University*

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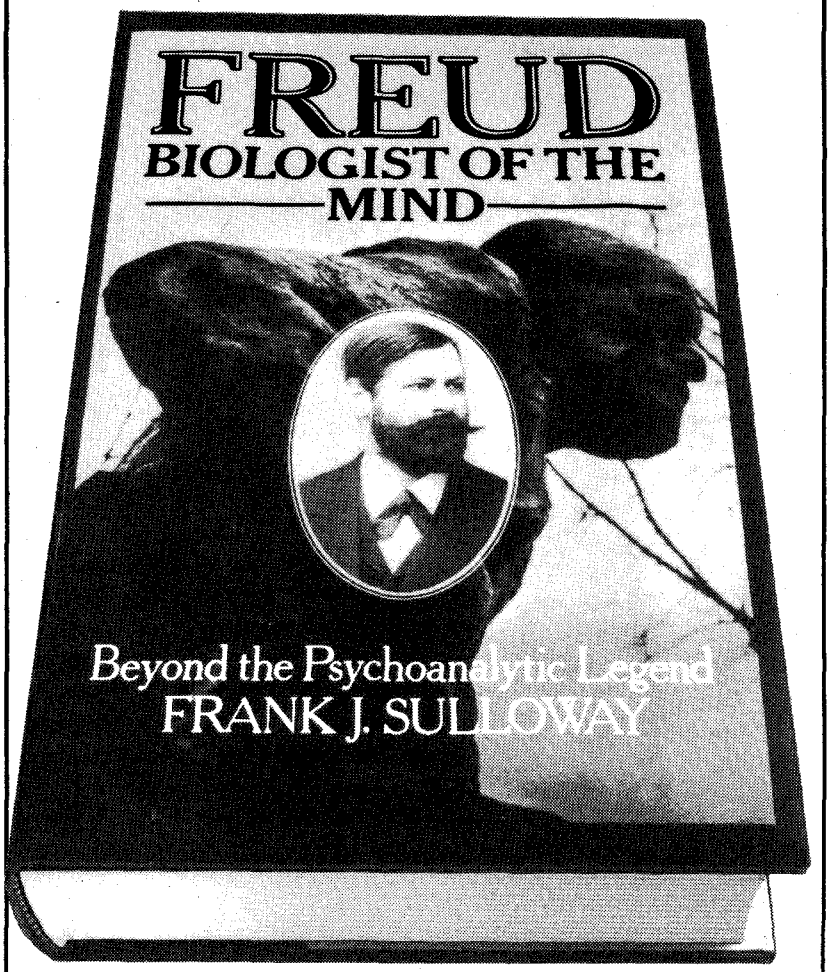

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tense man in a department store and asks the gaping onlookers if anyone has a valium, every single one of them reaches in his/her pocket.

But, like the people who made *Something Short of Paradise*, Brooks and the director Alan J. Pakula—I don't know about Wakefield, I haven't read the novel—couldn't leave passable enough alone. They had to "movie" it up. After that credible opening chunk, we get a scene with the ex-wife (Candice Bergen) in a motel room that is modeled on some feeble memory of old-Hollywood comedy, and there's a lot more that is what the filmmakers felt they needed, rather than what the characters would believably have said and done.

Clayburgh gets uninteresting before her role does. Bergen, as I've said before, is such a bad actress that it seems almost physically to mar her beauty. Both she and Clayburgh have odd, pursed-mouth lisps: maybe that's why they were cast in this film with Reynolds—to show that he has a thing about odd, pursed-mouth lisps. He, as usual, has first-class timing of understated dialogue. And charm. He uses his charm the way Sophia Loren used to use her bosom: "You and I both know I've got it, so let's both get some fun out of it."

Photography and the Old West
text by Karen Current
photographs selected and printed by William R. Current

(Harry N. Abrams; $19.95)

Photography in New Mexico
by Van Deren Coke

(University of New Mexico Press; $24.95)

When we ask ourselves what something is like, the image that comes to mind is apt to be a photograph. To that extent, exceeding our awareness, we are the products of a century of photography. Photographs—in albums, books, the media, and the movies—increasingly displace reality and constitute what we accept as real. As the literary critic dispenses with the novel, and concerns himself with criticism, so the citizen of the modern world dispenses with conflicting notions of what is real and seeks confirmation in a photographic image.

Almost a century ago, in the 1880s, Mark Twain published *Huckleberry Finn*, our vernacular manifesto, and George Eastman designed and patented his first Kodak. There is a parallel still to be traced between the emergence of the American vernacular, in Whitman and Twain, and the enthusiasm with which Americans adopted photography. The grain of American experience, as we find it in Thoreau, seems to wait on photography for its visual confirmation. To this extent we might say that the photograph is the vernacular made visible.

It is time that gives the photograph an ineffable dimension, and time has now put its seal on the photographs of the old West. Karen and William R. Current's volume, *Photography and the Old West*, provides a rich sampling of photographs that postpone, briefly, time's ultimate triumph. (The photographs of the old West were selected and printed by William R. Current, the informative and indispensable text contributed by Karen Current, with individual profiles of the 19 photographers represented.) The West was, and still is, spectacular in a manner that cries for visual confirmation. This is the way Charles F. Lummis saw it:

> *The World's Wonderland is not in Europe, not in Egypt, not in Asia, but in the west of our own United States. Area for area no other land on earth is half so crowded with marvels of the first magnitude and of such range—of antiquities, scenery, anthropology and picturesqueness of every sort.*

"No other land on earth" echoes the native pride that emerges from a century of Western exploration. The exhilaration expressed by Lummis was shared by all of the photographers of the old West, and is visible in most of their photographs. With few exceptions, they concealed the hardships, the formidable hazards, and the photographer's intrusive hand.

Exploration and photography went hand in hand, as they do at this moment in space. The Western photographer had the matchless advantage of the continent's most spectacular scenic props. Carleton Watkins, in Yosemite, California, used a camera and huge glass plates scaled to the grandeur of his subject. The pictorial resources were so vast and varied that each photographer, out of necessity, became something of a specialist. A. J. Russell caught the drama of building the railroad, George Robertson the buffalo hunt, Andrew Forbes the cowboy, Will Soule the Indian, George Anderson the Mormon settlers, and John Grabill the melancholy spectacle of the last frontier. On the plains of Nebraska Solomon Butcher was obsessed with recording the facts and artifacts of pioneer experience.

The conjunction of time, inhabitants, and place in Butcher's photographs is inexhaustible. In this treeless land of limitless horizons which became a sea of ice in the winter, the early settlers found refuge in burro-like sod houses, like the animals. Butcher persuaded them to bring into the open, where he could photograph them, the few treasures they had brought from elsewhere, sewing machines, perhaps a bird in a cage, or a foot-pedaled organ, the music open on the rack, about which the family gathered as if waiting to perform. Such artifacts as these were once put into the tombs of kings to comfort them in the world of the spirit. Only the sod house is missing from this document, which will be sent to friends back East, as the settlers did not want them to see the house of earth in which they were living.

These photographs of the old West challenge the new and modern West to reveal a comparable visible world. Van Deren Coke's *Photography in New Mexico* overlaps the old West in the early period, then reveals a more sophisticated awareness of the environment as a *subject*. New Mexico, as his volume attests, has long been known to sit for its portrait. A perceptible drift is evident from photographs that reveal the land and the people to photographs that reveal the photographer.

Although painters and writers "discovered" Santa Fe and Taos, it was photography that spread the gospel. An air like wine, shimmering light, a wealth of exotic structures and people—this is our image of New Mexico, that Land of

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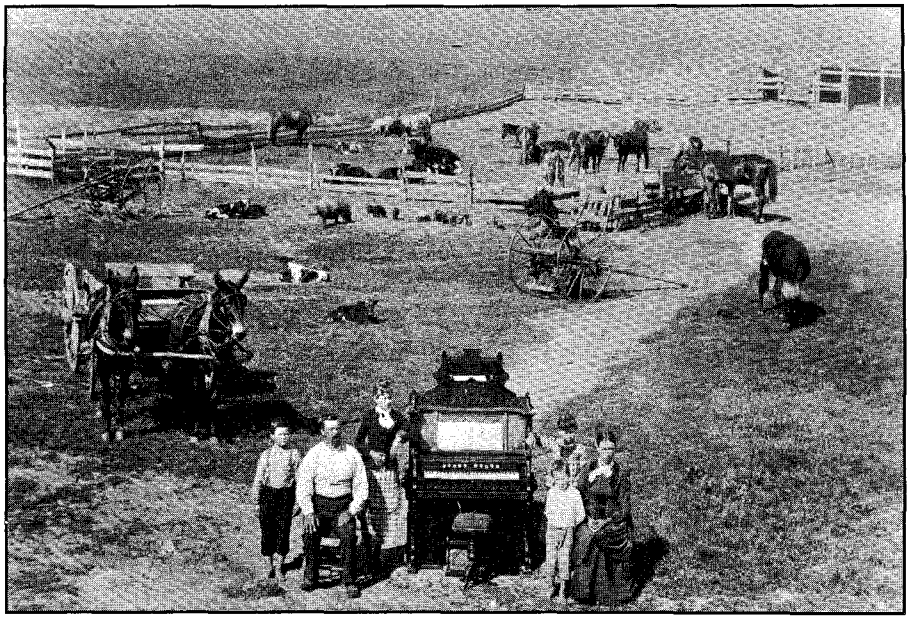
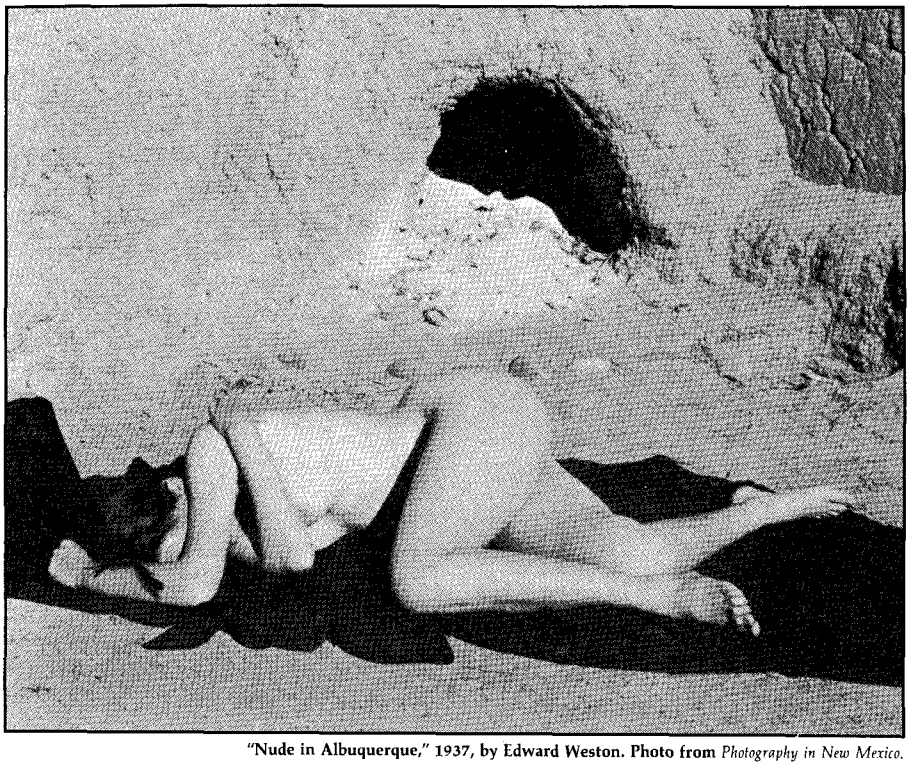
Enchantment; and we owe it to the photographs taken between the two wars by Laura Gilpin, Ernest Knee, Paul Strand, Ansel Adams, and numerous others. It was a fruitful period for all concerned, among them Edward Weston, who photographed, along with the aspens, his wife, Charis, presumably sunbathing in the patio of an adobe. *Nude in Albuquerque* departed from the familiar exported image in that so little of New Mexico was in it. I single out this Weston "image," in 1937, to mark a stage in photographic sophistication, which might be described as the deliberate presence of the photographer in the photograph. Not that it was unusual elsewhere: it had entered photography boldly, and with fanfare, with Stieglitz and the Photo-Secessionist movement.

In this same year, in New Mexico, Dorothea Lange was documenting the westward trek of the migrant workers. Her deliberate intent, like that of her colleagues in the Farm Security Administration program, was not to be visibly intrusive in the photograph. This cleavage is not peculiar to photography, but an awareness of it may be essential to our understanding of what a photograph is. Both more and less than a medium of self-expression, the photograph is a piece of nature, even an act of nature, to which the photographer is a witness. It flatters the photographer, not the photograph, to describe a photograph as a work of art.



Custer Country, 1888. Photo by Solomon D. Butcher. From *Photography and the Old West.*



"Nude in Albuquerque," 1937, by Edward Weston. Photo from *Photography in New Mexico.*

As the photographer makes his presence felt in the photograph, there may be less room in it for other details. If we compare the photographs of the old West, celebrating and affirming the visible world, to those of the new West taken after World War II, we will note a measurable diminishment of landscape and a palpable enlargement of inscape. The Land of Enchantment visibly recedes as the 20th century moves to its close, the new horizons proving to be where the photographer chooses to put them. The question that arises—and it is being put in various contexts—is how well the *in*scape of the photographer lends itself to what is intrinsically photographic.

So what is intrinsically photographic? The millions of photographs taken daily of kittens, babies, big fish, golden sunsets, tilted friends and relations, all distorting and confirming the visible world. To these we add those taken by photographers who see only what is there, yet affirm what is latent.

The inscape has long been the province of the writer, the painter, the

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poet, and the mystic, but it remains to be seen if the lens turned inward is as much a celebration as the lens turned outward. For more than a century photography flourished because it had a virgin planet on which to roam and graze, but as the grazing increases, and the pasture decreases, there is a measurable reduction of visual timber. At this moment of expanding photographic interest, marked by a rise in status, prices, and discussion, photographs themselves appear to be of less interest than the literature that accumulates around them. Photographic theory may not exceed the reach of individual practice, but does this practice already exceed what is intrinsic to the photograph (intrinsic being what we see in the world, not within ourselves)?

I'm pleased that Van Deren Coke, with so much wealth to choose from, did not confine his selection to the famous and the familiar, but found a place for the younger photographers now living and working in New Mexico, Meridel Rubinstein, Franz Gohlke, Rick Dingus, and Betty Hahn being among them. It is up to them to determine in what way the new photography in the West challenges the photography of the old West.

Wright Morris

Wright Morris is author, most recently, of *Earthly Delights, Unearthly Adornments, the American Writer as Image Maker* (Harper & Row).

Cyril Burt: Psychologist
by L.S. Hearnshaw

(Cornell University Press; $19.50)

The most eminent of all English psychologists was the late Sir Cyril Burt. When he died in 1971, Burt's many honors included both an English knighthood and a prestigious award from the American Psychological Association. Professor Arthur Jensen, in his celebrated attack against Head Start and other compensatory education programs, relied heavily on Burt's research data. The Burt work, Jensen indicated, was "the most satisfactory attempt" to calculate the heritability of intelligence (IQ); and Burt himself, Jensen wrote, was a "born nobleman," whose "larger, more representative samples than any other investigator in the field has ever assembled" would "secure his place in the history of science."

The data on the inheritance of IQ reported by Burt were enormously influential. The largest and scientifically most satisfactory study of separated identical twins was reported by Burt; he is the only investigator who has ever claimed to administer the same IQ test, in the same population, to biological relatives of all degrees of closeness. These data painted an incredibly clear-cut picture: differences among people in IQ were shown to be almost entirely produced by heredity, and scarcely at all affected by environment. Burt used his data and conclusions to support his advocacy of selective education at age 11, when the modern miracle of IQ testing, he claimed, made it possible to identify genetically superior children. The superior children were to be streamed into special schools, provided with the best of scarce educational resources, and steered toward university training. Those with average or low IQs were to be shunted off to separate, and clearly inferior, schools. The vast majority of working-class children, under this plan, would attend such schools. Post-war Britain in fact adopted this scheme, and Burt's knighthood was a reward for his services to education.

When I first read Burt's research reports in 1972, it was at once obvious that I was reading the words of a liar and a fraud. The reported data were unbelievably clear-cut, but there was virtually no description of how, where, or when the data had been collected. The failure to describe his experimental procedures violated even minimal scientific standards; and Burt's few references to procedure often contradicted one another. There were numerous citations of articles and of theses which in fact had never been published or submitted. The Burt reports teemed with ambiguities and evasions. The scientific journal he edited contained literally dozens of articles, letters, and book reviews signed by wholly unknown psychologists—all of whom wrote in an English style strikingly similar to Burt's. Perhaps most astonishing, in consecutive Burt publications the number of separated twin pairs he claimed to have studied increased steadily from 15 to 53—and the IQ correlation which he reported for the twins remained identical to three decimal places! Things are just not that consistent in the real world; and a little cross-checking of Burt's papers revealed that, for many other types of relatives, his reported correlations also remained identical to three decimal places despite large changes in the sample sizes.

When I pointed out these impossibilities in a number of 1972 talks at various universities, and in a 1974 book, a minor and expected academic controversy ensued. The matter would doubtless have remained at this discrete level, but in 1976 Oliver Gillie of the *London Sunday Times* wrote a front-page investigative report which flatly accused Burt of fakery. To round matters off, Gillie suggested that two of Burt's "research associates," who were said by Burt to have actually tested the twins, may never have existed. Though they had published articles under their own names in the journal Burt edited, nobody had ever seen them, and no documentary record of their existence could be located.

Professor Hans Eysenck, now England's leading authority on IQ testing, vigorously defended Burt's integrity and Burt's "data." The allegations against Burt, said Eysenck, contain "a whiff of McCarthyism, of notorious smear campaigns, and of what used to be known as character assassination." Writing to Burt's sister, Eysenck maintained: "I think the whole affair is just a determined effort on the part of some very left-wing environmentalists determined to play a political game with scientific facts. I am sure the future will uphold the honour and integrity of Sir Cyril without any question." Professor Jensen wrote that I had

> *spearheaded the attack . . . to wholly discredit the large body of research on the genetics of human mental abilities. The desperate scorched-earth style of criticism against genetics that we have come to know in this debate has finally gone the limit, with charges of 'fraud' and 'fakery' now that Burt is no longer here . . . to take warranted legal action against such unfounded defamation.*

Thus psychologists with impeccable

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academic credentials responded to the public exposure of a transparent scientific fraud by attacking the motivation and the personal decency of those who had exposed the fraud. The whistleblower evidently runs as many risks in the groves of academe as in the corridors of Washington.

Photo of Cyril Burt, aged 88, from *Cyril Burt: Psychologist.*

The argument about Burt's data and his integrity has now been laid to rest. The author of this biography, L. S. Hearnshaw, had delivered the laudatory address at Burt's memorial service. The book was commissioned by Burt's sister, and Burt's diaries, letters, and papers were made available to Hearnshaw. With obvious reluctance, his at first unqualified admiration for Burt changed as his work progressed: "Gradually, as evidence accumulated from a variety of sources, I became convinced that the charges against Burt were, in their essentials, valid. . . ." Though Hearnshaw is, in my view, far too charitable toward Burt concerning many disputed matters of fact, the book is unequivocal on a key matter: "The verdict must be . . . that . . . beyond reasonable doubt Burt was guilty of deception. He falsified . . . he produced spurious data . . . and he fabricated figures. . . ." While Hearnshaw leaves many stones unturned, he provides more than adequate documentation to support this damning conclusion.

With Burt's dishonesty established, the problem for Hearnshaw is to explain how so eminent a scientist could stoop to such miserable behavior. There are, Hearnshaw maintains, a number of extenuating circumstances: Burt was ill, he was old, his marriage to a much younger woman had failed, there was "duality in his own personality . . . with a genetic contribution from his mixed stock, part Saxon, part Celtic." These speculations about Burt's personal motivations seem to me to miss the point entirely. The "data" invented by Burt were, very simply, a conscious (and successful) effort to influence social and educational policy.

This indispensable key to understanding the Burt scandal is explicitly rejected by Hearnshaw, who writes that Burt's "views on education were not motivated by political considerations or class bias; they were derived from his fundamental belief in innate individual differences in capacity. . . ." This view of the matter is profoundly comforting to a professional psychologist. Thus, as a consequence of his scientific studies—uninfluenced by political considerations—Burt became convinced of the importance of heredity. There were, however, personal, medical, and psychiatric problems in Burt's life, perhaps aggravated by his Saxon-Celtic duality. These caused him to lose his balance, and in later life he began to lie and cheat in support of honestly held scientific convictions. We must beware of pathologically disturbed scientists like Burt; but science as a whole is quite independent of political considerations and class bias.

The difficulty with this view is that the class bias of Cyril Burt was strongly and continuously evident from the very beginning of his scientific career. Thus, as early as 1925, Burt published what Hearnshaw believes to be his best book, *The Young Delinquent,* which displays Burt's "clinical insight and sympathy, his sensitive awareness . . . a sneaking liking for the delinquent." The liking for

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delinquents was sneaking indeed. There are not many sympathetic and sensitive psychologists who would describe children assigned to their care in the language Burt used in that book: "A typical slum monkey [with] the muzzle of a pale-faced chimpanzee"; "his cow-like intellect"; "what a simple-minded animal he was"; "like a somewhat unintelligent dog." Pity the poor slum child assigned to a less sympathetic and sensitive psychologist than Sir Cyril!

The faked IQ correlations among relatives first appeared en masse in a 1943 paper which Burt titled, revealingly, *Ability and Income*. The paper concluded that intelligence was hereditary, and that educational resources should be expended on "brighter" rather than "dull" children. With a number of statistical manipulations Burt went on to demonstrate that the distribution of income in England faithfully reflected hereditary differences in mental ability. The rich, in Burt's view, were justifiably rich, because they were genetically superior. To believe that such a conclusion—buttressed by fraudulent data—was arrived at without any influence of "political considerations and class bias" requires a remarkable act of faith.

The major weakness of Hearnshaw's biography is his unwillingness to come to grips with what seems to me the central question of the entire Burt affair. The Burt "data" have had enormous influence. They directly influenced English policy. Through the work of Arthur Jensen, and through repeated citations in textbooks of psychology, education, and genetics they have helped to form the beliefs of a couple of generations of college-educated Americans. Why did not Burt's psychological colleagues expose his transparent fraudulence at a much earlier date? The half-hearted answers attempted by Hearnshaw cannot be regarded seriously. The Burt articles, Hearnshaw maintains, were "probably little read." The few who "spotted the oddity of Burt's views," out of deference to Burt's eminence and power, "thought it prudent to remain silent." These excuses simply will not do for those leading IQ psychologists who, having read Burt's articles, propagated his fraudulent data, enshrined him in the history of science, acclaimed him as a born nobleman, and then stubbornly attempted to defend his integrity while demeaning his critics.

Contrary to Hearnshaw's view, perhaps the beliefs of social scientists are profoundly affected by political considerations and class bias. The researchers in the area of the heritability of IQ who accepted and transmitted Burt's "data" tend to share a common social ideology. Their world outlook can be described accurately as meritocratic and consciously anti-egalitarian. Perhaps they, and many of the rest of us, accepted Burt uncritically because he told us what we wanted and needed to hear.

To view Burt's fraud merely as the product of a disordered personality is to ignore a much deeper question. Why should we expect social scientists to be free of bias? When oil company lobbyists provide us with facts and figures we are, reasonably enough, suspicious. Why should we accept as truth the facts and figures provided by scientists committed to particular social viewpoints? This is not to say that all scientists lie, but it is to suggest that scientists, like anybody else, are vulnerable to unconscious bias.

We can hope—although we cannot know—that deliberate deceit of Burt's magnitude is relatively rare in science. When it occurs we should not be overly surprised. We live in a world in which presidents and secretaries of state can secretly bomb small countries and then lie about it. We have seen an attorney general plead guilty to perjury, and we have seen eminent lawyers convicted of covering up criminal conspiracies. We ought not to assume that personal probity is more universal among scientists than among statesmen. We have checks and balances to protect us against the abuses of statesmen, not the least of which is a free press. When scientists lie, we can at least hope that their fellow scientists will detect and expose the falsehoods. This may not always occur spontaneously or quickly; and it is good to know that reporters like Oliver Gillie of the *London Sunday Times* stand ready to speed the process along.

Leon J. Kamin

Leon J. Kamin is the Dorman T. Warren Professor of Psychology at Princeton University. He is the author of *The Science and Politics of I.Q.* (Halsted Press Division, John Wiley & Sons).

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Second Wind: The Memoirs of an Opinionated Man by Bill Russell and Taylor Branch

(Random House; $9.95)

The literature of basketball has so far been skimpy and dull. A few of the game's many towering personalities have had books written about them, but most of these are merely promos. The fan so introverted as to want to read about the sport has had to make do with John McPhee's elegant little profile of Bill Bradley (*A Sense of Where You Are*, 1965) or Jeremy Larner's *Drive, He Said* (1964), or the three or four novels that have attempted to do for basketball what *North Dallas Forty* did for football. If one were to judge *Second Wind* solely as a basketball book, its general excellence amid this dearth of competition would put it in a class by itself—the same class Bill Russell often seemed to occupy during his peak years with the Boston Celtics.

Still, Bill Russell didn't sit down with Taylor Branch merely to put on record the cerebrations of an opinionated basketball player. He makes clear that he has never liked being introduced as merely a basketball player; one of the purposes of this book is to rid himself of reductive labels. During his years as a player his resistance to labeling became increasingly vigorous; he was sharply critical of those tendencies in sport (and sports promotion) that encourage athletes to think of themselves as brutes, giants, trained seals, or human machines. He himself insists upon being taken as a man, and he wants other athletes to do the same. This insistence is not the result of vanity or machismo, but of disgust with the stereotyping that dogged him throughout his career.

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Man is the only label he is prepared to live with, and by the end of his career he had come to question whether basketball—or any game—was a sufficient activity for a man. He would not pretend to be a philosopher, but his interest in the question is essentially philosophical: he examines it from a variety of angles without reaching any firm conclusion. He was obsessed with the one sport for 20 years, and played it magnificently, but he seems to have been almost always conscious of a need to transcend it, or at least to place it in perspective with the rest of life. The court absorbed him, but never quite ruled him. Now that he has outlived the obsession he is able to recollect it in tranquillity, to analyze the game and its effect on players from the point of view of a studious and clear-minded craftsman.

Throughout, his analyses of the psychology, tactics, and geometry of basketball make fascinating reading. They will hold the attention of any fan, but they are not Bill Russell's central concern. He has more in mind than replaying his 13 seasons with the Celtics (in 11 of which they won championships). What he has in mind is serious autobiography—an attempt to understand and describe his own experience—and with a certain amount of unobtrusive help from Taylor Branch, he achieves it.

That is not to say that one need approach the book solemnly, as one might approach Mill or St. Augustine. The only readers likely to be disappointed with Russell's account are those who expect a book connected with sports to consist of nothing but action, raunchy anecdotes, and locker-room gossip. Bill Russell gives an excellent history of the great individual rivalries in his career—with Oscar Robertson, Elgin Baylor, and, of course, Wilt Chamberlain—and he assesses the capabilities and eccentricities of several of his more colorful teammates and opponents, but in general he is tactful and reserved about their private lives. He uses this reserve to make a point: that team play produces a particular kind of friendship, valuable and interesting but limited in both depth and intimacy. It is as *players* that he knows his teammates best, and it is their *play* that he feels most qualified to describe. When it comes to life, his, not theirs, is the subject of the book.

Two especially interesting sections of the book deal with the art and ecstasy of basketball. In the first he describes how, as a not particularly gifted adolescent, he taught himself to play basketball by developing a capacity for mental replay—running moves through his mind until he could learn to copy them with his body. In the second and more exceptional section he describes the kind of highs that sometimes happen on the court when both teams happen to be playing beyond their workaday capacities; in these moments the players temporarily forget score, victory, and loss, and ascend a sphere to rhythm or pure play. These moments are the reward of a long devotion to craft, and no one has described them better than Russell.

HENRY K.
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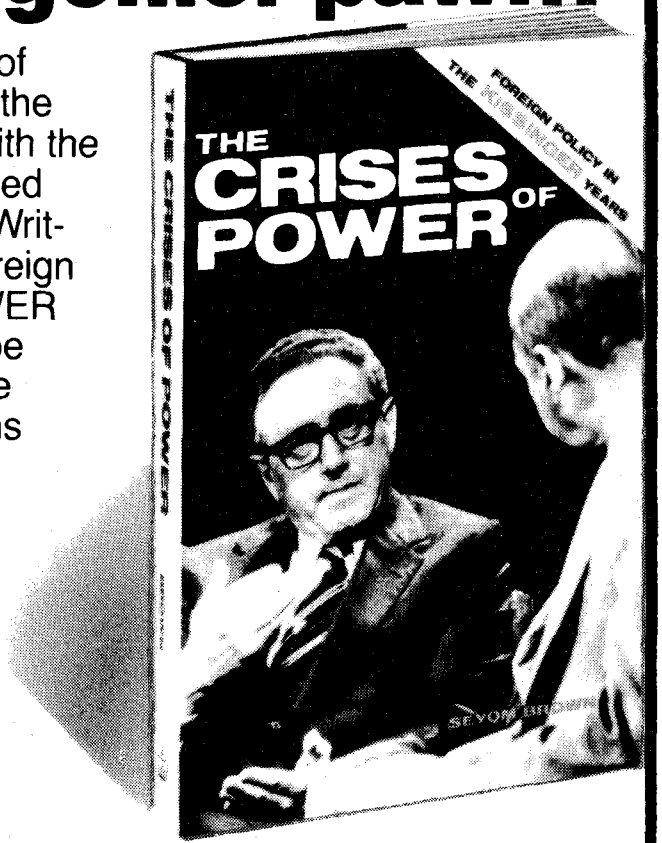

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Intelligence and emotional sensitivity are the qualities promotional stereotyping most commonly denies athletes. Without bragging, Bill Russell asserts his normal claim to these qualities and he devotes most of his book to the people who helped him to develop them. These include his remarkable parents and grandparents, and a number of shrewd and generous women. If anything he writes more interestingly of his life with women than of his life in basketball. He has obviously been prey to the confusions and dejections common to modern man, but he has survived them with his humor and his enthusiasm intact—an opinionated man, certainly, which in his case means funny, forceful, and well worth listening to.

Larry McMurtry

Larry McMurtry's most recent novel is *Somebody's Darling* (Simon & Schuster).

Arabia: A Journey through the Labyrinth by Jonathan Raban

(Simon & Schuster; $11.95)

Sinai: the Great and Terrible Wilderness by Burton Bernstein

(Viking; $12.95)

In the year 1398 by the calendar of Islam, which dates from 622 AD, when Mohammed fled Mecca for Medina to found a new religion, an Englishman named Jonathan Raban set out from Earls Court in London to Bahrain on the Persian Gulf. He was a bookish sort—had written on Mark Twain, Robert Lowell, and modern fiction—but was also exceedingly personable, a man who bureaucrats, expatriates, and taxi drivers alike took to, confided in, and passed from hand to hand. He was a pipe smoker, a good chum in a bar, yet, like a journalist, as ready to skewer last night's companion as to praise him. He knew a newsworthy subject when he saw one, and has sprinkled his account of his journey with comparisons, sometimes unnecessary, that refer to America as well as England, as though to increase its marketability. But, tolerant, impulsive, curious as a cat, Mr. Raban was an ideal traveler, and what had first piqued his interest was not the matter of petrodollars, but the tremulous vulnerability, the pinch-shilling poverty, of many Arab families who, arriving on visitors' visas, were camped in rooming houses in his own neighborhood. Londoners attributed to them a whole raft of suspiciously familiar qualities—greed, clannishness, vulgarity, hoarded wealth, hook-nosed physiognomies, and funny costuming—and, as Britain's newspapermen and intellectuals happily joined in the baiting, he realized that anti-Arab prejudice had become the new anti-Semitism.

Describing himself as totally urban, Raban hasn't the faintest interest in the life of the desert, which is a charming but illogical way to begin to write about a desert-based society. He also pays meager attention to the great factor of religion—as central as the sun in Arabia—and avoids almost entirely the can of worms that is Arab-Israeli politics, a subject painfully related to religion because many Arabs compare the Israeli conquest of the Old City of Jerusalem to the Crusaders' 88-year occupation, with the obvious final inference. Nevertheless, by being himself, in an outpouring of quicksilver observations—of camel-necked dhows, of Yemeni dirks worn at the waist like codpieces—he has produced within these limits a delicious travel book, quite apart from its timely significance.

For the Gulf emirates this is the palatial quattrocento, a High Renaissance of giddy confidence and Medicean calculation, bringing home the riches of the world, as in the age of discovery and conquest of Christendom. Raban rows about all day in Dubai, a watery city of teahouses and "self-absorbed busyness" such as Venice lost to tourism centuries ago. In Abu Dhabi, a city of shimmering new glass towers, "wide open," he says, "with the sheer possibility of urban life, still part of that dream city which New Yorkers and Londoners once believed in," a citizen tries to find English enough to convey his overflowing enthusiasm. Raban—who loves languages, idiosyncrasy, street life—does it for him by quoting to us Boswell's 1763 journal entry after a ride through Haymarket: "I was full of a rich imagination of London, such as I could not explain to most people, but which I strongly feel and am ravished with. My blood glows and my mind is agitated with felicity."

So, although not glibly patronizing of new wealth ("What is *rich*? *Rich* is education, expertise, technology," a Manama Arab protests angrily), he still perceives that the old, lateral, labyrinthine habit of life even in its city centers will be Arabia's protection against a Western monoculture. On the other hand, entering Sana'a, the poor and *qat*-chewing capital of North Yemen, at first seemed "like driving at speed into an enormous bad cheese." Sana'a is a city 9000 feet up and soon a favorite of his, its people heretically temperamental, living in steep, separate, individualistic tenements instead of warrens built indistinguishably modest-looking from the outside in order to avert godly disdain. They drive wildly, blowing horns that play "John Brown's Body Lies A'moldering in the Grave," under the chiseled goat and camel heads that swarm across their stuccoed buildings, and "crescent moons surrounding a Star of David, carved water drops, lozenges, triangles, fleur-de-lys, and undecipherable calligraphic squiggles." He says the many Jews who lived in Yemen until 1946 gave the Yemenis their "precocious talent for the urban."

We must befriend a travel writer, take him to our hearts, much as his hosts in an exotic country are willing to. That he will never judge us is a relief, because we expect him to be indiscreet, but we must either admire his courage and bluff or like him personally, and no writer alive could be better company than Raban, as he tiptoes around in tiny satellite states bordering the great Arabian peninsula (Saudi Arabia itself didn't admit him). At Mahdi Tajir's house in Dubai, his eye

skimmed a wall of masterpieces and came to rest on a tall window overlooking a green swimming pool. On the ruffled mirror of chlorinated green floated a giant swan. It was roughly seven feet tall, made of inflatable plastic, and its big, round black-and-orange eyes winked like those of a barbie doll.

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"A man with the faintly sidewise blink of the provincial intellectual sidled over to my stool," he says. "A bristly toilet-brush beard circled his mouth." Of another expatriate: "Everything about Mr. Moon was mild and economical. He had a small, squirrel-like face, full of sharp little creases which ran for half an inch or so, then stopped abruptly." And of an Egyptian journalist politically on the outs: "Years of serious drinking had given his face a blurry look, like a gouache painting which has been lightly wiped over with a wet cloth, and he talked with an angry rattle in his throat."

By the time Raban reaches Cairo, however, he is out of breath. After three months on the road, his lively and ingenious empathy has failed him. He sees less of the city than many ordinary tourists do, limits himself mostly to looking up the local artists, and all of his reactions flatten along with his mood. Finally, fetching up in Jordan, he really gives up on his trip, including even the artists and intellectuals who live there, devoting himself instead to "the hundred couples," the jet set of Amman, and a partygoing he might have enjoyed in Montreux. It can be useful as well as endearing when a clever observer goes abroad in utter innocence of the history of the region he is visiting, but all eyes and ears. But, being a novice in the area and therefore simply at the mercy of his nerves, if he is to hold our interest to the end, he must make allowance for his limits and cease to trust himself if suddenly all of his judgments turn weary.

Burton Bernstein's *Sinai* is a better-researched book, as library work, yet so uncomprehensively hurried and sketchy, such a once-over-lightly, as experienced on the scene, that it should have been left as the magazine series it was last spring. Here is a writer, 46, professing awe and enthusiasm for the desert, and penning what he presumes will be his fifth book—and he can't spare more than a total of two days in Egypt, and less than two weeks in the Israeli-occupied Sinai? He speaks of his busy schedule in America, and in a Land-Rover with an Israeli social scientist, visits several Bedouin families whose sons are employed as trackers or intelligence agents for the Israeli forces, speeds past "sour" Palestinians with the windows rolled up, and visits Mount Sinai and other tourist centers and a UN outpost briefly. There are of course some good chapters, but also silly condescensions and self-congratulatory moments that I'm not taking space to enumerate either.

By contrast, Raban's *Arabia*, with its sea-snake hunts off the Qatar coast, its *qat*-buying expeditions to Wadi Darr in Yemen, and dazzlingly abrupt insights into several of the dilemmas of Arab Islam, is a splendid tour. Raban has a sharp tongue, on occasion, like Richard Burton on his way to Mecca 125 years earlier, and, at his brilliant best, he is the most valuable traveler Britain or America has sent to the Persian Gulf in 30 years.

Edward Hoagland

Edward Hoagland is the author of *African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan* and *The Edward Hoagland Reader*, both published by Random House this fall, and of seven previous books.

The Heretical Imperative: Contemporary Possibilities of Religious Affirmation by Peter L. Berger

(Anchor Press/Doubleday; $9.95)

In reaction to the failed political and social hopes of the 1960s, questions of value, meaning, and belief are enjoying a resurgence in the very academic disciplines—philosophy, anthropology, sociology—that for so long fought to be "scientific." Recognition of the inadequacies of secular individualism is, of course, as old as modern social theory itself. But while Durkheim and Comte hoped for a religion of humanity compatible with reason, and Marx hoped for a social order that would transcend the need for religion, recent social theorists seem increasingly willing to settle for a return to traditional religious meanings. Robert Unger in the last sentence of *Knowledge and Politics*, having explored the limits of knowledge for solving problems of ultimate meaning and of human action, appeals directly to God: "[M]en look unceasingly for God. . . . And in their vision of Him they find the beginning and end of their knowledge of the world and of their sympathy for others. . . . But our days pass, and still we do not know you fully. Why then do you remain silent? Speak, God." And Daniel Bell in the 1977 Hobhouse Lecture asserts his confidence that there will be a "return of the sacred, the rise of new religious modes," and invokes the obligations to which he is bound by "the faith of my fathers." But while Unger as a Catholic and Bell as a Jew invoke religion as mystery and tradition respectively, Peter Berger, in more typically Protestant style, proposes to confront, and indeed to resolve, the tension between reason and faith. A believing Christian, Berger argues that religious experience, his own included, "must be confronted, explored, compared, assessed. If the

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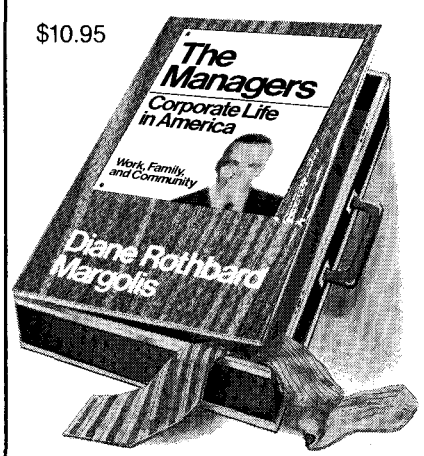

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experience did indeed touch upon something that may be called truth, that truth will reassert itself again and again no matter how many sobering questions are addressed to it. . . . Religious truth has nothing to fear from reason." He proposes, in fact, to perform something of a miracle—to take us from reasoned discourse about religious experience "to positive religious affirmations, to statements about the world that can plausibly be prefaced by the words 'I believe.'" But skeptics may wonder whether his attempt to produce faith from reason is not more like a magician's sleight of hand in which a rabbit can be pulled from a hat only if the rabbit is already in one's hand.

Berger's diagnosis of the modern condition is fairly straightforward. Drawing on a version of the sociology of knowledge rooted in phenomenology, he argues that human beings create meaning, then construct realities they take to be objectively given. From this point of view, religious experience, the experience of a transcendent reality that temporarily overwhelms the everyday world of common sense, is no less real than the secular or scientific world views which modern men and women increasingly accept as absolutely authoritative definitions of reality. While people in the past constructed reality in a context of received tradition, modern men and women, faced with a multiplicity of world views, must choose what to believe. This necessity for choice is the heretical imperative. It creates particular difficulties for religious consciousness, since beliefs one must choose, one's "religious preference," can hardly embody the authority of the inevitable truth of existence. In these circumstances religious thinkers have three alternatives: the "deductive option," the "reductive option," and the "inductive option." Although his exemplars for each tradition come from German Protestantism, Berger offers them as basic "methodologies" available to thinkers from any religious tradition confronting the "movement from fate to choice." He rejects the adamant reassertion of tradition, the deductive option embodied in the neo-orthodoxy of Karl Barth's "dialectical theology," and the reductive option exemplified by Rudolf Bultmann's program of "demythologization," the reinterpretation of a religious tradition so that it neither threatens nor contradicts modern secular thought.

Berger advocates the inductive option, suggesting that we take seriously reports of religious experience as evidence of transcendent reality manifesting itself in human experience. Here he draws on the great 19th-century theologian, Friedrich Schleiermacher, whose method was to trace religious experience "back to its religious source" to obtain evidence about "the infinite" as it manifests itself to men and women. The key here is the definition of religious experience as one of confrontation with a transcendent reality that inspires feelings of fear, awe, and absolute dependence. But the inductive possibility is not an anthropological study of human consciousness. For Berger, as for Schleiermacher, "Human consciousness is of interest to the theologian only insofar as it bears the marks, the 'intimations,' of a God who is utterly beyond human measure." This, then, is the promised reconciliation of reasoned inquiry with faith: transcendent reality exists and we can gain knowledge of it by reconstructing the religious experience of those mystics, prophets, and great religious thinkers most likely to have understood it. Like travelers to a faraway country, these religious voyagers may give distorted reports of what they have seen, but "none of this . . . invalidates the proposition that the faraway country does indeed exist and that something about it can be gleaned from the travelers' accounts. The final point is not that Marco Polo was an Italian . . . *but that he visited China*." And like China, the transcendent—the divine, the infinite, God—is no less real for our inability to know it perfectly.

For Berger, one advantage of the inductive option is that it encourages historical scholarship on religion, the attempt to know "how it really was," and rational inquiry into religious truth. One can begin "to tell 'true' from 'false' religious experience" by weighing "the insights purporting to come from the experience on the scale of reason." Berger advocates a new "contestation" with non-Western religious traditions—"an open minded encounter with other religious possibilities on the level of their truth claims."

In particular he hopes for a fuller acceptance within Western religious traditions of the more immanent, interior experience of possession by the divine which characterizes Eastern religiosity.

A SAYING OF FAREWELL

—homage, Nordahl Grieg

You've dressed yourself so white for it! And you poise
As on the edge of an undersea cliff, for departure.
We two are the only ones who know that this lost instant
Is not lost, but is the end
Of life.

"It's as though we were dying, this calm twilight."
No; only you. I hang on watch,
High up in Time. Step off and fall as the wind rolls the earth

Over you like a wave. I am left on duty with the heart
Going out over everything, no sleep

In sight braced monster-eyed
Outstaring the shaken powder of fatigue mist—
By your clothes and mine white-bled

Raging with discovery like a prow
Into the oncoming Never.

James Dickey

Coming:

A.L. Rowse on Hitler.

•

George Kennan on the Origins of World War I.

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For the secularist, Berger's position is ultimately unsatisfactory, since it must presuppose rather than justify the claims of religious experience itself. Berger suggests not that we directly open ourselves to religious experience, but that we examine the testimony of others—of St. Teresa, Jesus, or Isaac Luria, of Sufi mystics and Hindu philosophers—as evidence about transcendent reality. What is missing is a view of the ways modern people, in their own life circumstances, might have (or fail to have) such experiences. *The Heretical Imperative*, sadly, lacks a theory of ritual. Humane, theologically thoughtful, and sociologically informed, it nonetheless fails to provide a convincing analysis of religiosity or of the contemporary religious crisis. Indeed, although Berger is steeped in the perspective of European phenomenology with its intense focus on experience, there is something seriously wrong with his conception of the nature of religious experience itself.

The suggestion that one can compare and sift intimations of the infinite for their "truth value" embodies an understanding of religious experience at odds with everything we know about how symbolic meanings come to have reality for those who hold them. For Berger religious experience occurs first, spontaneously, and actual religions are only efforts to describe, preserve, and rationalize those incandescent moments of confrontation with the divine. Thus the essence of religion becomes religious ecstasy remembered and cherished, rather than a question of meaning, of the ways human beings make sense of the universe and their place within it. In the works of contemporary sociologists and anthropologists such as Robert Bellah (*Beyond Belief*), Victor Turner (*The Ritual Process*), or Clifford Geertz (*The Interpretation of Cultures*), there is an emerging theoretical framework for understanding religious meanings by exploring the life of concrete groups of people and the particular symbols, games, art forms, myths, and religious practices through which their members enact and thereby create their conception of the world. One cannot search for "true" religion by comparing experiences drawn from varying religious traditions; precisely the point of these religious experiences of transcendence is that they are created and given meaning within particular cultures and ways of life.

The weaknesses in Berger's perspective become particularly apparent when he attempts to understand the modern religious situation. While he has written extensively about "secularization," his explanation of the phenomenon rests largely on the notion that the existence of a "plurality of worldviews" makes it hard to believe any one of them. Traditional societies are assumed to have stable, coherent views of reality in poignant contrast to the babble of discordant voices in modern societies. But this is a superficial kind of pseudo-history, based on no real evidence. Indeed, historical scholarship, such as Keith Thomas's *Religion and the Decline of Magic* or Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie's depiction of the heretical peasants in *Montaillou*, demonstrates continuing competition, even within the religiously unified West, among a variety of pagan and Christian world views. Non-Western religious traditions are even more incurably heterodox, and it would be hard to convince the Indians or the Javanese, whose multiple religious traditions have flourished for centuries, that variety of belief is an inevitable precursor of disbelief. As Robert Bellah has pointed out, it is only in the West that belief, in the sense of assent to the truth of specific dogmas, has been regarded as essential to faith. As yet we know remarkably little, either historically or sociologically, about the actual character and development of secularization. We do not really understand what sorts of social and cultural changes break down one world view and replace it with another. But neither scholars nor theologians will resolve their difficulties by returning to the religious experiences of those who lived within a sacred ambiance we cannot recapture. Nor will they be much helped by abstract arguments about the possibilities of meshing reason and faith. What is needed instead is rich, empirically grounded exploration of how contemporary men and women actually understand the meaning of their culture and of their lives within it, and how they understand or experience the ground of being upon which their lives rest.

Ann Swidler

Ann Swidler is assistant professor of sociology at Stanford Univeristy. Her *Organization Without Authority: Dilemmas of Social Control in Free Schools* will be published by Harvard University Press this fall.

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Brief Reviews

The Kryptonite Kid by Joseph Torchia

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $7.95)

Joseph Torchia's novel is funny and affecting. It consists of a series of letters from Jerry Chariot, about to make his First Holy Communion, to Superman. You don't need to be familiar with the recent Superman film or recollect the comic books to enjoy the novel's humor. The author tracks down the ludicrous implications of the Superman myth, stumbling wittily over its contradictions ("DEAR MAN OF TOMORROW, How are you today?"), and bringing it into hysterical juxtaposition with the principal adult myth of our culture, Christianity.

In the letters we get a child's eye view of lower-middle-class family life, in particular of Jerry's vicious father, his feckless mother, and his mean and lusty adolescent brother. The daily goings-on of an eastern ethnic neighborhood provide the immediate background. And over everything hangs a mechanical and desiccated Roman Catholicism, the bare catechismal ruins of a once great spiritual tradition.

The novel's point is simple yet powerful: in an emotional and intellectual wasteland, the theology of Superman is, if anything, more vital than are the offerings of grown-up culture. Jerry is manifestly intelligent and sensitive (though never unmanly), and his elaboration of the Superman story shows considerably greater imagination than the stale religion served up by his teacher, Sister Mary Justin, whose mindlessness is exceeded only by her brutality.

The letters have a distinct sexual undercurrent, linking Jerry to his imaginary hero and also to his friend and sometime collaborator, young Robert Sipanno, himself as devoted to cub reporter Jimmy Olsen as Jerry is to Superman. Isolated from their families and contemporaries, the two boys persist in their unrequited correspondence, inventing amusing excuses for their inamorato's silence. Jerry, however, is too skillful a dialectician for his own good, and he pursues his construct to its horrifying logical conclusion, not satisfied, as he puts it, until he "gets SUPER" himself.

I happened to read *The Kryptonite Kid* the same week I was reading Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*. Both frequently made me laugh out loud, but the spaciousness and perfect control of Austen's masterpiece served to keep my enthusiasm for Torchia's book in perspective. Its theme is relatively narrow, and here and there it descends into portentousness. But within its chosen confines, it is a work of great charm.

Paul Robinson

The Right Stuff by Tom Wolfe

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95)

Twenty years ago the names of the men in Project Mercury were household words, and the public's response to them was an outpouring of affection and adulation unequaled for any non-political figures in our history except Lindbergh. Now only trivia buffs could name all seven of these pioneers.

Tom Wolfe contends that the public overpraised those early astronauts and was encouraged to do so by the media. The press adopted the stance of a Victorian Gent (only Wolfe could put it so well), a gent concerned with seemly sentiment and the fitting moral tone. They "saw the astronauts as seven slices of the same pie, and it was mom's pie." Accordingly, the astronauts were pictured as paragons of morality, patriotism, and selflessness. Like the Time-Life writers, Victorian Gents felt that "all information that muddied the tone and weakened the feeling should simply be thrown down the memory hole." Wolfe offers a corrective to this view by narrating incidents revealing the intense rivalry of the astronauts when they were with each other, the marital discord when they were with their wives, and the sexual escapades when they were with space age groupies.

Yet though the public of the early 1960s failed to see the shortcomings of these men, the public of the late 1970s fails to see the extraordinary quality these fliers had, a quality Wolfe calls the right stuff.

The right stuff was not bravery in the simple sense of being willing to risk your life. . . . Any fool could do that. . . . No, the idea was that a man should have the ability to go up in a hurtling piece of machinery and put his hide on the line and have the moxie, the reflexes, the experience, the coolness, to pull it back at the last yawning moment.

In the past Wolfe has coined other phrases to describe new cultural phenomena, and several of these (such as Low Rent, Radical Chic, and The Me Decade) have caught on. But here Wolfe is simply giving a new name to an old phenomenon. To Charles Portis it was true grit; to Hemingway, grace under pressure. By any name, it's the stuff of heroes.

This book has been hailed by some as evidence that Wolfe has finally become a serious historian rather than a mere pop journalist; to these people *The Right Stuff* is a radical departure from Wolfe's other work. Yet the book is little different in intent and technique from *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*. As in that book, Wolfe here takes a small group of people, thoroughly examines them, and offers impressive insights into our society. As in that book, Wolfe primarily uses the technique that students of narrative call indirect interior monologue—entering the mind of everyone from John Glenn to Lyndon Johnson to Ham, the chimpanzee astronaut—to move beyond objective reporting into something much more intimate and moving.

Dennis Lynch

Dennis Lynch teaches English at Northern Illinois University.

The Eiffel Tower and Other Mythologies by Roland Barthes translated by Richard Howard

(Hill and Wang; $9.95)

Roland Barthes is at his most perspicuous in these 30 rambles on subjects as varied as the universe, the proper province of God, and the French savant. The thread running throughout is that social reality is an imaginative structure, a vast and muddled mind. For Barthes the world is a grid of myths, and

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vith effortless profoundity he lemonstrates this insight with a phan-asmagoria of examples ranging from bicycle racing to Marlon Brando, from he Eiffel Tower to the language of colonial domination, from the art of popular song to floods. What myths do floods involve? In January 1955 Paris was nearly destroyed by a flood, but according to M. Barthes this was more a 'Festivity" than a calamity because it filled the minds of Parisians with the myth of the Ark in which "disaster itself provides evidence that the world is manageable." This would seem to be the social function of myth—to tame, to pacify, to make manageable. One would like to add to humanize, but Barthes would demur: he elaborates a number of myths that apparently only maze the minds of the "petit-bourgeoisie," about whom the whole history of French invective has prepared us to believe nothing good, certainly not that their myths could humanize. M. Barthes's hits at the petit bourgeois are tiresome, but they are part of his mandarin charm, and in any case all hint of political rancor vanishes in the aplomb of his utterance. Here is a mind with the key to reality, and even if one doubts that it is the right key for every occasion, the display of such intellectual serenity in the face of the heterogeneity of being is nothing if not impressive.

Jack Beatty

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for Alan Nagel

You lift the violin so carefully, as if
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The audience quiets down. You think

of the musician who wept blood when
a string snapped and threaded his eye.
The instrument feels your chin

in the palm of its fingerless hand.
Now you play so well that,
as each note dies, the next one

inherits. You barely hear the bow
catch its breath to change direction,
or the last note, buried alive in applause.

Robert Louthan

The Golden Age of Jazz by William P. Gottlieb

(Simon & Schuster; $7.95)

William Gottlieb's golden age of jazz is the 1930s and the 1940s, when swing was at its peak, when traditional New Orleans music and musicians were being revived—the first revival jazz experienced—and when perceptive and open-minded listeners could hear the new sounds of bop develop from an occasional eccentric solo in an advanced big band to a compelling music as full and rich as any that came before it. Jazz music in this age, like its fans, was hot, cool, or indifferent, depending on the performer. On a single night, one could be charmed by Louis Armstrong, impressed by Duke Ellington, overwhelmed by Art Tatum, stunned by Charlie Mingus, and ignored by Miles Davis. Throughout these years, Gottlieb reported on jazz and photographed its practitioners: he has a catholic appreciation of the music's happenings, approaching Stan Kenton with only a little more reverence than Bunk Johnson. His text is informal, optimistic, and rarely controversial. He says of the golden age: "It was the first time that white audiences, in large numbers, began to recognize and appreciate hot music. And it has proved to be the only time when popularity and quality have coincided; when, for once, the most widely acclaimed music was the best music." The first statement is undeniable; the second is questionable. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, and Glenn Miller had good bands, but no better than the organizations of Fletcher Henderson, Earl Hines, Benny Carter, and Billy Eckstine, which didn't survive the golden age. Those white audiences romanticized about black bands but primarily supported the white ones.

Gottlieb was a journalist who started taking photographs when staff photographers refused to accompany him on his late-night assignments. His writing style must have been spicy, judging from the fragment reproduced here of his article on the homeliest of trumpet players, one-armed Wingy Manone ("A gargoyle broke off from the back wall of Town Hall and walked toward me. It was Wingy Manone . . ."). But it is Gottlieb's photographs that are most memorable: of a portly, prosperous Duke Ellington, posing cheerily before a rack of his expensive suits; of a jaunty, somewhat evil-looking Willie "The Lion" Smith, seated at the piano while he bites daintily at a lit cigar; and of a young man—Miles Davis—staring raptly at trumpeter Howard McGhee. There are some informal shots on band buses or in hotel rooms, including a picture of thin, large-headed, and hairy-legged Buddy Rich, sitting twisted on the arm of a chair and dressed in an imitation leopard bathrobe: behind him two creeping vines of an otherwise invisible plant give Rich more than ever an odd spidery look. Occasionally Gottlieb is corny, as when he poses Stan Kenton and a member of his trumpet section before a shattered mirror to suggest the power of the Kenton brass, or when he surrounds the disembodied head of Mel Torme with the fumes of dry ice, conjuring up an image to fit Torme's nickname, the "Velvet Fog." Like all photographers, Gottlieb is occasionally lucky; my favorite photo is of an admirer of the beautiful June Christy. He stands within a few feet of the seated blonde and he looks as if he had just been hit over the head with a mallet. The girlfriend of this naif observes him with an indescribably arch expression, evoking the trouble to come. Generally one is surprised to see how close to working musicians the audiences stood. One can learn other things too from this attractive book. Many of the photos will be familiar to jazz fans: Gottlieb captured much of the jazz life of his period, and he created the images by which we will remember many musicians.

Michael Ullman

Michael Ullman writes on jazz for *The New Republic*.

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Correspondence, *from page 8*

all disappears only to reappear very quickly with the next course.

My original plan has always presupposed a corps of servants in the kitchen but it is easily modified. The apparatus in the center of the table can revolve vertically the way those little shelves do at the drugstore that display watches by having the next shelf appear from the bottom as the last shelf is disappearing over the top. The hostess simply equips all these shelves with the dinner party food in the proper order before the guests are seated.

There is also another very easy way to have a dinner party without leaving the table. This time you have two tables. First there's a long narrow one at which the guests are seated on piano stools. The second table surrounds the first table and the food is arranged in sumptuous display right behind each guest so that all he has to do is swivel on his piano stool and remove each plate as it is needed. In due course this plate is returned to its place and the next course is taken. You will need plenty of flowers on this second table so that the dirty dishes won't be too unsightly as the dinner progresses, and you must not have ice cream for dessert. This would be a disaster.

Mary Harford
St. Louis, Missouri

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THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

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Turbulent Priests

If everything had gone according to the Reverend Jesse Jackson's plans, his Middle East shuttle-hustle would have climaxed with a visit to President Carter. At least that's what Jackson said he intended, having in hand some breakthrough concessions from Yasser Arafat. In the event, the big gesture from the PLO turned out to be a whispered promise that it did not want to "exterminate" the Jews. Hallelujah. It's not clear whether the word "exterminate" was Arafat's or Jackson's, but Jackson clearly thought that with this self-abnegating pledge he'd wrung some great compromise from his new Arab friends. No matter; the president wouldn't see him. So Jackson had to deliver his message to Assistant Secretary of State Harold Saunders, who is even better at portraying terrorists as humanitarians than Jackson is himself; and to Robert Strauss, who is paid to listen to everybody. Jackson didn't listen to everybody on his diplomatic jaunt. Begin, of course, denied him the opportunity to hear the official Israeli line from the official Israelis. But, by all accounts, Jackson wasn't really interested in hearing anyone out. He refused to meet Jewish refugees from Arab lands, wouldn't see representatives from border kibbutzim, and spurned a talk with Christians from southern Lebanon. His madcap ventures apparently also turned off many Arabs who felt he was more interested in hyping his own celebrity than in ameliorating their plight. In any case, the striking thing about Jackson's dive into the stormy waters of the Arab-Israeli conflict, his insincerity aside, was his incompetence. A Palestinian sociologist was astonished that Jackson even botched his geography, thinking that the Jordan River is the border between Lebanon and Israel.

In the 1960s, snaring the support of a famous minister earned you many points in the antiwar movement. In Cambridge during those years, I was an adept at enlisting bishops, somewhat dotty, almost always retired. Two such men of God rattle around in Mary McCarthy's new novel, *Cannibals and Missionaries*. I also had a way with rabbis, but rabbis of a special sort: those who addressed their prayers "to whom it may concern." The cloth adorns a cause, or rather disguises it, putting some vague moralistic cloak over someone else's hardened political agenda. As time went on I began to sympathize with those medievals who resented the intervention of priests in the world and wanted them "walled in." Sometimes I'd have liked to wall them in literally as well as metaphorically. Being a minister provides rhetorical *carte blanche*; sense does not have to be made. Now when I read that some godly type has been attached to a cause, I fear mischief. Are the ministers dupes? Maybe, but they're also exacting their peculiar revenge on a secular world. One problem with black politics today is that it is dominated by ministers. They do not have to meet the tests of any ordinary political leadership. What they do best, in the exaggerated cadences of unreason and belief, is to lift the spirit by ignoring the facts.

"The pope overstayed his welcome," a pious Catholic friend lamented to me the other day. I can empathize with those who feel let down by John Paul's fundamentalism on abortion, divorce, birth control, priestly celibacy, sex and procreation, women and the sacraments. But, not feeling myself under his sway, I cannot say I was personally disappointed. What did they think that the man who has set himself to restore the authority of the church would do? Authority exists mostly in what it denies, and its greatest resource is the past. The pope spoke for the past, and not only on matters of Catholic doctrine. For centuries, the church despised the Jews for love of God. That is its history, and this pope has been morally impelled not to leave it at that. Surely he has understood the Christian roots of centuries of anti-Semitism all the way to the holocaust. But compassion for the Jewish people's experience with death is not enough; there must also be some sympathy with the Jewish people's determination to live. Indeed, the establishment of the state of Israel may well be the clearest echo of eternity to be heard in modern times. It is surely the central fact for Jews as Jews everywhere. Of this the pope would have nothing; he would not even acknowledge it. The word "Israel" did not pass his lips during his American visit. Speaking to the General Assembly, he spoke of Auschwitz; he appealed for the integrity of Lebanon; he called for a special status for Jerusalem, although it happens already to be the capital of Israel, and no one can charge that free practice of faith is impeded there; moreover, as Stephen Rosenfeld pointed out in the *Washington Post*, he identified "the Palestinian issue as the only one in the Mideast requiring a 'just settlement.'" But what of Israel and its right to security and life? On this momentous issue, the pope and his church remained silent, creating a silence with echoes.

The 16 men whom Lloyd Cutler and Hedley Donovan gathered to advise President Carter during the recent Cuba panic represented just about all the accumulated modern experience of foreign policy failure. The Bay of Pigs was represented by Mac Bundy; the Laos ruse by Averell Harriman; Vietnam by Dean Rusk. In ordinary times, it is the president who does the laying on of hands. But these are not ordinary times. At least ours is not an ordinary president. Jimmy Carter has no authority to convey. So his new advisers contrived to have the authority of others conveyed to him. This exercise was a mobilization of geriatric reputation. Would the president have done anything different, more or less, if the council of elders had not been summoned? Could he have? I noticed at least one prominent absentee from the list of sages: Robert Komer, who was the pacification chief in Vietnam. Another day's newspapers had an explanation for the omission. Komer had just been named to run the policy office at the Pentagon.

"It's easy to give a speech," assures some old Eastern European wisdom. "But it's hard to keep your word." That's why politics is more and more the experience of disillusionment. I did not vote for Jimmy Carter, so I am not disillusioned. (No, I did not vote for Gerald Ford.) Nothing Carter said persuaded me to expect much. But others expected much, mostly folk who think being the Democratic nominee carries with it an automatic lease on virtue. Many of them are now gnashing their teeth and smiling at Kennedy. Kennedy gives terrific speeches. Well, they're not exactly great utterances. But they contain both policy and poetry, to both of which the president seems a stranger. That, however, is the beginning of Teddy's troubles. People will really believe him. Different people will believe him differently. And when he's elected . . . no, if he's elected, they will want him to keep his word. It will be hard to do even if the words they've heard are not different. But if the words are different, it will be impossible.

M.P.

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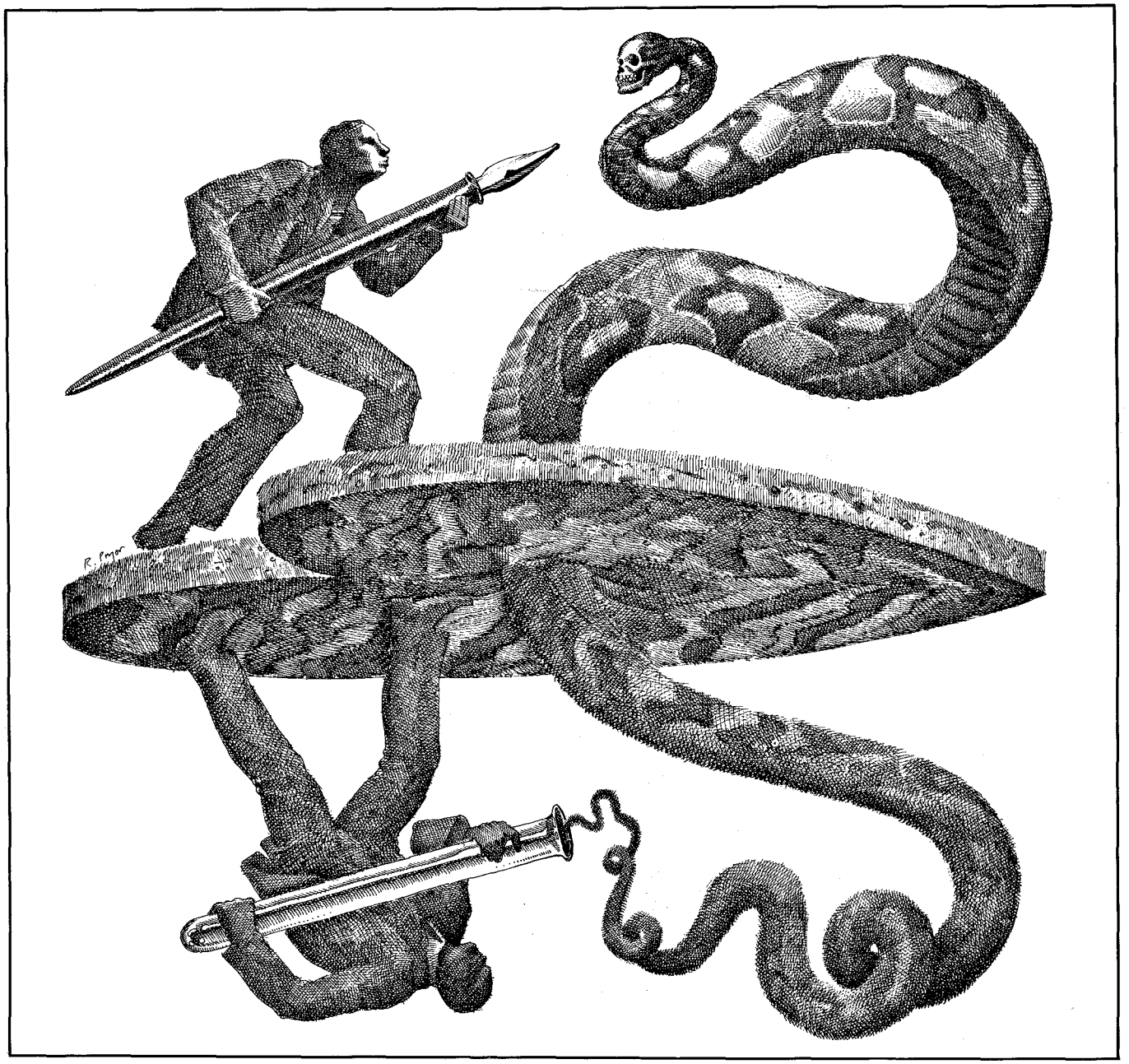

LOVE CAN BE DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH

NIAGARA FALLS, New York—Almost three years ago, the Niagara Gazette, a Gannett newspaper, broke the story of Love Canal.

An environmental time bomb had been ticking in that Upper New York State community, and nobody was doing anything about it—until a reporter for the Niagara Gazette received a very alarming telephone tip.

The caller told of dangerous chemicals being dumped years before in a site where homes and a school were now standing. The caller was worried about the people living there.

The Gazette investigated and found strange things all along Love Canal.

Pungent odors in the school. Murky substances oozing into cellar basements. Flowers not blooming. Pregnant women afraid for their unborn children.

A major environmental disaster that was seriously threatening the health of hundreds of families had been uncovered.

That was in 1976. Now, almost three years and hundreds of Niagara Gazette stories later, the time bomb is being defused.

The federal government and the state have acted to help the people of Love Canal.

Over 300 families have been evacuated. The canal is being cleaned up. And new legislation gives property tax relief to families living nearby.

The Niagara Gazette and its professionals uncovered the story long before it became national news, and stayed with it long after national attention started to fade, because it was and still is a vital community issue.

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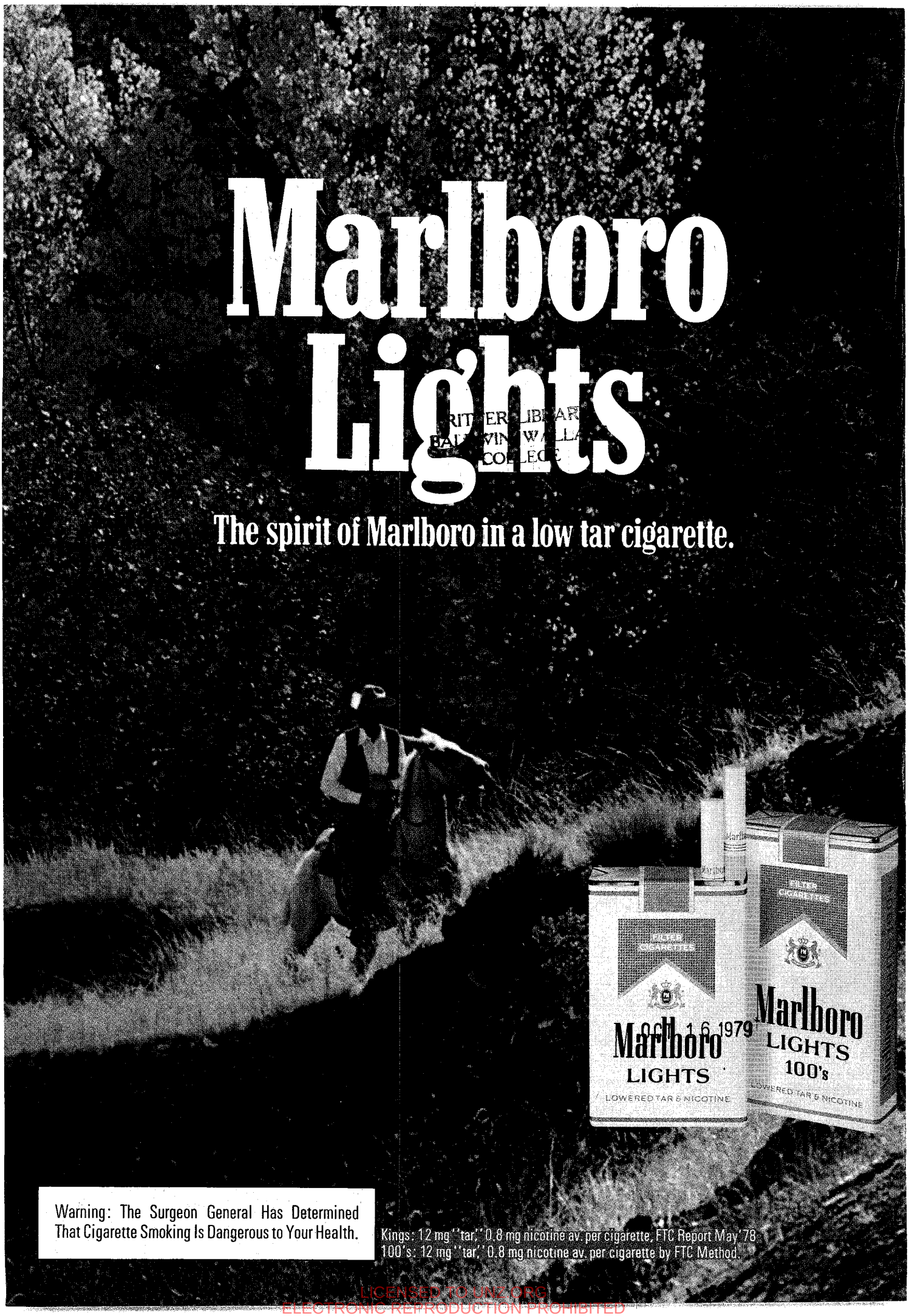
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